



THE WEATHER.

Continued unsettled, probable
rains today. Monday unsettled and
rain.
Sun sets—5:35 a. m.; sets—4:15 p. m.
Moon sets—4:24 a. m.; sets—12:45 p. m.
High tide—12:30 a. m.; 12:45 p. m.

VOL. 10—No. 252.

Published
at Boston, Sunday, November 30, 1913.

Best American

LARGEST CIRCULATION

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY NEWSPAPER

IN NEW ENGLAND

BOSTON, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1913.

CITY EDITION

1—News Section, Part I (Latest News).
2—News Section, Part II (General News and Autos).
3—City Life and Sporting News.
4—Real Estate and Want.
5—Colored Comic Pictures, 7—Editorial and Drama.
6—Magazine Features. 8—Society.

68 PAGES

TO RUN; TO QUIT

John R. Murphy and John A. Kelliher to Withdraw, Leaving Fitzgerald, Curley, Smith and Kenny in Majority Contest

MAYOR FITZGERALD has at last decided that he will stand for re-election. The AMERICAN has intimated its belief that this would be his ultimate decision, but now that it has come it is interesting.

A great many of Congressman Curley's friends realize that the latter's sole hope was in frightening the Mayor out. They have no use for the Good Government Association whose candidate Mr. Kenny is, and they are now obliged to choose between Fitzgerald and the Good Government Association.

By the mere announcement of the Mayor's candidacy yesterday the strength of every other candidate is reduced to the infinitesimal, which in this kind of a contest is small indeed.

It is very likely that John R. Murphy will soon announce his withdrawal from the contest.

Clearing the Field.

Mr. Murphy was a candidate to good faith and really expected to be elected in case the Mayor withdrew. He would undoubtedly be the most dangerous opponent of the Mayor because his strength does not come from those discontented with the Mayor's administration so much as from those who have always had a high opinion of Mr. Murphy for reasons of local attachment and personal admiration.

But Mr. Murphy realizes now that with the Mayor in the field he cannot possibly win, and he does not wish to confuse the issues or to lead his friends into a hopeless contest.

As the AMERICAN said last week, the friends of John A. Kelliher would really believe that the Mayor has announced his candidacy, and for the same reason which will move Mr. Murphy.

This narrows the field to the Mayor, Mr. Kenny, Mr. Curley and Mr. Smith.

It cannot be doubted that Councilor Smith will be as dangerous to Mr. Kenny as Congressman Curley is to the Mayor. Smith is a very honest and enthusiastic young man, and he has performed a good service in the few occasions when he has made a public address in this campaign. If he gets a hearing he may be depended upon to put forth his best.

The effect of Congressman Curley's candidacy upon the Mayor's race has been studied in the American before. There is no reason to change the original prediction that Mr. Curley would really divide the opposition to Fitzgerald rather than

Continued on Page 8, Column 1.

Gaining Every Day in Strength and Stature

RESULTS are the reason for the steady and persistent expansion of the Classified Columns of the Daily and Sunday AMERICAN. It pays to read; it pays to use.

Sunday American Real Estate and "Want" Advertisements

With a weekly NET PAID CIRCULATION of 400,000 (150,000 more than all other Boston evening papers combined) and Sunday NET PAID CIRCULATION guaranteed 50,000 greater than any other Sunday paper, it is easy to see why "Want" advertisers turn to the Boston AMERICAN.

Offices at 80-82 Summer St. and 264 Washington St.
Open till 10 p. m.

"Tacks" Hardwick to Wed Margaret Stone

Engagement Announced of Harvard End and Banker's Daughter.

Hastings H. Hardwick, known to thousands of Harvard football followers as "Tacks," the famous crimson end on the team that defeated Yale in the stadium last Saturday, has made another notable matrimonial step.

It became known last night the "Tacks" had won the hand of Miss Margaret Stone, daughter of Daniel L. Stone, the well known Boston banker, club man and member of the firm of Hayden, Stone & Co.

The engagement of the football hero to the Brookline society girl was announced last night by Mr. and Mrs. Stone at their home in Brookline.

Miss Stone has matched Hardwick's crimson work for two years. She is an enthusiastic follower of football and has read the graphic accounts of his Harvard career in 1913. Hardwick's home is in Quincy. He is prominent in Harvard social circles. He is a member of the D. K. E., the varsity, the Institute of 1776 and is one of the 1913 Junior Prom Committee.

Commits Suicide in Hotel Touraine

R. J. Campbell Shoots Himself Because of Stock Market Losses.

Robert J. Campbell, a traveling man with a family in New York, was found this morning through the right temple in his room at the Hotel Touraine, yesterday, with a letter in his pocket, addressed to his father at home and telling about unfortunate stock speculations.

Medical Examiner Warren said he believed that money losses led Campbell to shoot himself.

The man arrived at the Touraine on Thanksgiving Day. He registered at Room 347, and was assigned to Room 401, on the fourth floor.

Campbell was about fifty years old and lived, it is believed, at No. 347 West Twentieth street, New York. One of two letters in his pocket was addressed to Miss Emma Campbell at that address.

Campbell traveled for the Pacific Coast Sales and Exhibition Company.

Biggest Allan Liners for Boston Service

Gramplan, Hesperian and Scandinavian to Run Here in March.

In line with the Boston boom in transatlantic passenger and freight business was an announcement yesterday that the Allan line will send its three largest steamers to Boston for the winter service. The ships are the Gramplan, Hesperian and Scandinavian.

This news came in the company's announcement of its summer schedule for 1914. The Scandinavian is to be replaced in the passenger service by the Gramplan and the Hesperian by the Scandinavian.

This is a gain, because the Gramplan has been twenty-two years in the trade and the Hesperian is a much larger ship carrying 1,600 passengers. The Victorian will alternate with the Puritan.

Panama Fair Envoy Here for Features

James A. Barr of San Francisco is visiting Boston in the interest of corner features for the Panama Exposition to be held in 1915. Mr. Barr is member of the Bureau of Conventions for the exposition. He reports twenty-eight foreign countries as already having accepted invitations to exhibit. Japan, according to Mr. Barr, will be the guest feature and will give California a great surprise by way of efficiency, industry, art, culture and commerciality.

Continued on Page 8, Column 1.

RODRIGO HUERTA WANTED BY UNITED STATES

Conference Between Jay Minister and O'Shaughnessy Leads to Report.

TAMPAICO IS THREATENED

MEXICO CITY, Nov. 29.—A conference held here today between the Japanese minister to Mexico and Charge d'Affaires O'Shaughnessy, and the sending of Foreign Minister Madero to Vera Cruz, presumably to reopen negotiations with Huerta, led to a report that the Huerta administration had been compelled to back down and that a settlement with the United States might be looked for within forty-eight hours.

In regard to Madero's trip to Vera Cruz, it was also reported he had broken with Huerta and decided to leave the cabinet and that he might be arrested to sail for Havana or some other foreign port.

The thousands of the rebels in the north and west were said to be responsible for the concentration of federal forces for the capital. The fall of Mexicali, which the government denied today, will give the rebels control of the greater portion of the west coast.

Situation at Tampico Critical.

The situation at Tampico is becoming more critical. General Zaragoza, the federal commander at that port, fears an immediate attack, as the rebels are reported to be marching near Conception on the National railway northwest of Tampico, where the railway line has been cut.

A large force of rebels is reported as advancing on Tampico along the Central railroad from the West under General Carranza and Aguilar.

Fear of the American battleships is believed to be the reason for the breaking of the rebels in attacking the city. The rebels have been served by Admiral Fletcher that nations will be landed, if necessary, to protect the persons and property of foreigners. This might be the beginning of intervention, which is as much dreaded by the rebels as by the federalists.

Hard Fighting Near Conception.

Reliable private advices report hard fighting all day yesterday, at the battle between 800 Carranzistas under General Calles and 600 Federalists under General Castillo, west of Conception. The Federalists were said to have lost one hundred killed and many wounded after eight hours of fighting. The rebels were not so severe, as they are well entrenched and have machine guns. All efforts to break them failed.

Reports from San Antonio say Huerta is practically surrounded by rebels, all communications being cut off. The rebellion is at its height at this moment, and has no hope of obtaining reinforcements, although hopelessly outnumbered.

A persistent rumor is in circulation that General Huerta Navarrete, whose military tactics enabled the rebels to capture Ciudad Victoria, has been taken prisoner and his command practically annihilated.

Madero's Train Attacked.

The last of the relatives of the late President Madero left the capital today when Manuel Navarro, an aged member of the family, was sent to Vera Cruz under heavy guard, to be placed in San Juan de los Rios de Mexico. The train was attacked by Zapatistas an hour after leaving the capital, but the rebels were driven off after an hour's sharp fight.

It is believed the next objective point of the rebels from the West will be the city of San Antonio. The rebels are now in a position to capture the city, and it is believed that they will capture the city within a few days.

The people of the city of San Antonio are in a state of alarm. The rebels are now in a position to capture the city, and it is believed that they will capture the city within a few days.

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AGE WOMEN STARVING IN HOSPITALS

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Rob Building Near the Police Station

Iron Doors Broken, But Invaders Easily Gotten Out.

Burglars yesterday, with a shrewd throw of the lagrange street station, ransacked the building No. 20 to 22 Kneeland street, South End, going through desks, shopping cart iron lock, knocking off lamps of adobe and putting almost every office in confusion, in an effort to obtain loot.

The police at first denied that any such break occurred, but later admitted that, if they got a report on the case they would file a report to police headquarters.

Entrance was gained by a knotted rope ladder, later found hanging from the rear of the building.

Piper Girl's 'Slave' Story Called 'Fake'

Official Declares Tale Told to Hide Escapee with Neighbor.

PORTLAND, Me., Nov. 29.—The "white slave" story told by Miss M. Piper, the telephone room girl school teacher, was branded as "a fake" by a newspaper of her own town, the Bangor Daily, in a vigorous statement today by United States District Attorney Robert T. Whittell.

Harry Reese, a married man of Bangor, was absent at the same time. His wife will not let him home now.

It is not expected here that the government will take any steps to investigate any parties in the so-called Piper case.

Found by Coal Dealer.

Mrs. Anna was found by Joseph A. Taylor, a Boston, who was on West First street on business. Someone told him that Mrs. Anna, at No. 287, had not been out of bed, and might be in want. Tips investigated, found her and sent for the police.

The story that Mrs. Anna told to Sergeant Smith and Captain Lee was this:

"I was born in Italy sixty years ago. I came here with my parents when three years old. They settled in South Boston and I have lived here ever since. I was married on November 4, 1875. My boy Patrick was born the next year.

"My husband died four years ago. Patrick lived with me. A month ago he didn't come home and I don't know where he is."

Sold Her Store First.

"I got out of bed and went. I sold my store first. I didn't get but fifty cents for it. Then I sold the house and some chairs. I didn't get but fifty cents for it. So I am now a widow."

"Then I sold the last of what I had for a little bit of money and bought crutches. Then I had no more money and no wood and no stove and I got out and got a little food from people, but at last I couldn't get out and I lay down in the corner and the man came."

Anna Could Get Duke Out of Pawn

Really Wins Against Money Lender, but It Costs \$4,000.

PATRICK, Nov. 29.—The Duchess de Talleyrand, who was Anna Gould, today eluded her fight with a money lender for the possession of a pair of trousers, an ivory back scratcher and fifty-seven other personal articles belonging to her husband, Comte Hilaire de Talleyrand-Ferrugues, Prince de Sagan.

While the duchess claims a victory, the matter was complicated and the money lender secured \$4,000. Since Anna Gould married de Talleyrand, after divorcing Count de Sagan, she has paid \$500,000 to clear up his debts. However, a few of his creditors remain unpaid, and among these was the money lender. He has made frequent attempts to collect the money, but without success.

Harvard Seeks Old World Age in Rocks

Harvard University is to send to Northern Europe an expedition to study rock formations. In an effort to determine the relative age of America and the old world, Professor W. H. Fernald, of the department of geology in the University of Kansas has been chosen leader of the expedition. Among the scientists will be Professor F. E. Haywood of Harvard. The party will start from New York in June and will work in Northern Russia, Sweden and Norway.

Best Player," Says Mayor of Brickley

Harvard Praised at Everett High Celebration.

"Charles" Brickley of Harvard and Everett was declared best player of the City Club to be the greatest football player of the day.

Mayor Fitzgerald made the declaration it was at a dinner after the game of the Lafayette High of Boston and Everett High which the Massachusetts boys won.

The senior Brickley, "Charles" father, was present. Mayor Charles of Everett presided.

NEW BATTLE FOR RUSSELL FORTUNE AS WILLIAM C. DIES, LEAVING DEATH BED; 'DOKATA' DENIED VIEW OF BODY

THE LATE WILLIAM C. RUSSELL
studio picture and snapshot of man whose death opens famous estate, amounting to \$300,000, said to have been divided among "Fresno Dan," a Vera Cruz and Russell and Almy Relatives

Testament Was Drawn Tuesday After Lawyer Had Been Hurdled Called—"Patient Didn't Seem to Care," Says Doctor

"Dokata" Denied Films Demand for Autopsy on Account of Rumors of Suicide and Murder—Secrecy About Funeral

THE sudden death of William Clifton Russell, the recluse, at his Melrose home yesterday, will be followed by the reopening of one of the most famous will cases in the history of the country.

William C. Russell made a death bed will on Tuesday, Nov. 25.

By its terms what is left of the Russell estate, between \$250,000 and \$300,000, will be divided among Fresno Dan, the recognized brother, Mrs. Hannah C. Lynde of Cambridge, an aunt, and members of the Russell and Almy families.

The AMERICAN is reliably informed that Fresno Dan is bequeathed a considerable part of the estate.

Dokata's name does not appear.

The will was drawn by Robert W. Nason of Boston, personal counsel to William C. Russell and one of the counsel for the Russell estate.

Called to Back Mark's Bedside.

Mr. Nason, it is understood, was called to the bedside of the sick man and wrote the will from dictation.

Mr. Nason refused last night to discuss or reveal the details of the testament, which will not be filed until after the funeral, the arrangements of which will be perfected today.

As soon as the document is filed Dokata Dan will start proceedings to break it. Already he has made a move in this end through his attorney, William H. Schuman, who declared yesterday that he is now preparing a petition that Edward M. Stanley of Schuman's office be appointed special administrator.

"Dokata" Barred from Home.

Dokata Dan went out to the Russell home last night and twice demanded—one of a private detective and again by messenger—that he be allowed to see the body of the late William C. Russell, which he claimed to be the brother of the dead man. Each time he was denied and ordered away.

At the latest, William C. Russell was found by a reporter. He was waiting for a train back to Boston.

Humiliated by Publicity.

The publicity of the will trials was humiliating to him. If you knew what kind of a man he was, you would know that the whole affair was embarrassing to him. He was a shy, cautious, afraid man. He dreaded the notoriety of the whole thing.

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HOUGHTON & DUTTON

DOUBLE STAMPS—MONDAY,

TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

—Another Reason For Buying Christmas Gifts Early at HOUGHTON & DUTTON'S.

—Another Reason For Buying All the Goods You Possibly Can This Week.

—Another Reason For Taking Advantage of Our Lowest-in-the-City Cash Prices.

Double Stamps: Two Where You Usually Get One

Equal to 5c saved out of each dollar you spend at Houghton & Dutton's this week in addition to the usual savings.

But it isn't the stamps—DOUBLE STAMPS—it is the goods that count most.

Wise to read every item on this page—to come early Monday. Everything has worked for your advantage. BACKWARD WEATHER LEAVES too heavy stocks—they must be reduced. MAKING READY FOR CHRISTMAS forces us to cut prices on many lines of goods. REBUILDING AND MOVING makes still more bargains. In fact—

NOT HALF THE BARGAINS CAN BE BULLETINED ON THIS PAGE

Coatings

STREET FLOOR

\$2.00. \$2.50 and \$3.00

Coating Remnants, lengths

of 1 to 3 yards, including all

this season's latest styles, guaranteed

all wool, 56 and 58 inches wide. Here

is an exceptional bargain, but you

must get here early. No 79c

\$1.98 Chinichula Coatings—

Cauling, buster goss and crimson,

64 inches wide, ideal for sport

rocks and evening caps. Per yard,

1.49

\$3.50 Astrachans—The leading

fabrics for coats and trimmings,

54 inches wide, colors are taupe,

brown, navy and black. Per yard,

2.75

\$1.00 and \$1.25 Serges—

All wool, diagonal mixture, guaran-

teed perfect, full prices, 48 to

50 inches wide. Per yard, 75c

Velvets

STREET FLOOR

\$1.25 Velvet Remnants—

Lengths of from 1 to 31 yards,

very attractive for military, vesting

and trimmings. 17 inches wide, two

and three color combinations with

white binding stripes, giving a

changeable effect. Per yard, 49c

\$1.49 Black Silk Velvets—

These give very close silk feel, full

width, jet black, for military

and trimmings. 16 inches

wide. Per yard, 98c

\$1.00 Black Messalines—

One yard wide, soft finish. 79c

Per yard, 79c

\$1.00 Imported Corduroys—

Hand cut, twisted back, fast color

and fast pile, in the following shades

only, garnet, laurel, silver, navy

and taupe. A limited quantity. 58c

Per yard, 58c

\$1.25 Chiffon Taffetas—

Taffeta, a quality that does not

crack, turquoise, canary, lobster,

robin, lavender, orange, leather, red

berry, tan, steel, taupe and

black. Per yard, 89c

Handkerchiefs

STREET FLOOR

Women's Initial Handker-

chiefs—All linen, script initial,

with beautiful floral design, va-

riety of patterns. Size 16x22, 12

per dozen. Per pair, 6 for 85c

Women's Initial Handker-

chiefs—Fine quality of linen,

hand worked, script initial, with

handsome floral design. With

initial, assorted patterns. 6 for 150

cents. Per pair, 150c

Women's 50c Handker-

chiefs—High grade Alpine

and Madras imported Handker-

chiefs, wonderful selection of

patterns. Three to the box,

1.10

Women's 50c Handker-

chiefs—Swiss embroidered,

hemstitched, scalloped border, great

variety of patterns. At 50c

each. Per pair, 100c

\$1.05 per dozen

Children's 15c Handker-

chiefs—Three put up in a

kitchen picture box. 9c

Women's Script Initial Hand-

kerchiefs—Complete assort-

ment of letters and initials, full

size. At 50c each. 50c

6 for 20c

Young Men's 25c Handker-

chiefs—Silk, Handkerchiefs,

white centers with colored

borders. 19c

Underwear

STREET FLOOR

Women's 35c Underwear—

Bleached and pester fleece-lined

Cotton Vests, jersey ribbed, short

and half-length sleeves, full

length pants, regular and 29c

extra sizes. Per pair, 29c

Women's 65c Union Suits—

Bleached, medium weight cotton,

rug sleeves, ankle length,

size 34 to 42, per pair, 49c

Women's 1.00 Union Suits—

Bleached, heavy fleece-lined

cotton, fine ribbed, tailor cut sides,

long sleeves, ankle length,

size 34 to 44, light irregular,

per pair, 67c

Boys' 35c Underwear—

Heavy two-ply, jersey fleece-

lined shirt, pants and drawers,

warm and serviceable. 25c

per pair.

Silverware

STREET FLOOR

\$5 Silver Plated

Tea Set—

Four pieces, com-

prising a sugar

bowl, teapot,

spoon holder and

holder gold lined. At

4.49

\$5.00 Silver Set—

Consisting of 26 pieces, extra good

silver plate, three handsome de-

signs, including the popular plain

pattern. Set comprises six knives,

six forks, six table spoons, six tea

spoons, one sugar bowl, one butter

knife, all two up in handsome

white lined green covered

chest with drawer. 3.98

\$1.00 Soup Ladies—Medium

size, Rogers' brand, warranted

heavy plate, handsome de-

sign, for children's under-

wear. 79c

\$1.00 Berry Spoons—Rogers'

heavy plate, handsome de-

sign in white box. 39c

White Goods

STREET FLOOR

25c Mercerized Lawns—

40 inches wide. Only one color. At

12c per yard. 12c

10c Crossbar Muslin—

In white, 27 inches wide, several

checks and stripes. Per

yard, 6c

8c Shaker Flannel—Bleached,

a splendid quality, used exten-

sively for children's under-

wear. Per yard, 8c

15c Huck Towels—

One yard wide, soft finish. 12c

Per yard, 12c

50c Guest Towels—

44 inches wide, extra fine, all linen

with your own initial embroidered

on one end. Two in a box. 58c

Per pair, 58c

Sheets

STREET FLOOR

10c Bleached

Cotton—Our

Duck Brand, full

size, 36 inches

wide. Per pair, 7c

12c and 15c Bleached

Cotton—42 and 45 inches

wide. Per pair, 12c

12c Unbleached Sheeting

—42 and 45 inches

wide. Per pair, 9c

12c Bleached Sheet

—With center seam, size 72x90, good

quality. Per pair, 39c

98c Salem Sheet—Size 90x

90, you know the value of

each yard. 69c

Wash Goods

STREET FLOOR

25c Poplins—Fine mercerized,

with a high lustre, all colors,

27 inches wide. Per yard, 17c

29c Silk Stripe Poplins—

Several stripes of fancy weaves,

27 inches wide. Per yard, 19c

40c Fine Wash Goods—

In plain colors, guaranteed

enough of any to advertise

your business. 10c

25c Repp Suiting—36 inches

wide, very much like poplin, with

the cord running crosswise

instead of lengthwise. At 12c

per yard. 12c

32c Ratine Cloth—All with

cord, excepting navy and black. It

is a splendid quality, 27 inches

wide. Per yard, 19c

Bed

Clothing

STREET FLOOR

50c Single Blank-

ets—Bound on

each end; gray

only will make

splendid "warm

and cozy" bed

covers. 25c

32.5c Blankets—Wide and

narrow, light binding, in gray

or white. Per pair, 2.50

17c Crochet Bed Spread—

Lace trim, heavy

handmade pattern. Bed 1.19

1.25 Comforters—Silkline

covered and filled with white

cotton. An exceptional bargain

at 95c each

TOYS

STREET FLOOR

What would Christmas be with-

out them? In fact, Christmas

celebrations mean 1913 to the boys

and girls.

An Acre of Toys

When the wonderful

Houghton & Dutton Toyland is completed,

it will give you a new idea of

what a wonderful place it is.

You know the great advantages

of our toys. They are

made of the best materials.

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Women's Wear

STREET FLOOR

\$7.98 Serge

Dresses—Made

of all-wool serge,

with collar

and cuffs,

feet, trimmed

with collar

and cuffs,

feet, trimmed

with collar

and cuffs,

feet, trimmed

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1950

LOWELL TELLS HOW VOTERS HELPED HIM TO SMASH FAMOUS RING OF MIDDLESEX COUNTY

Commissioner-elect Barlow Declares Real Fight
Will Begin in January.

Ernest B. Barlow of Lowell—the man who defeated the Middlesex County ring—has admitted that it took the Sunday American yesterday just how low he did it.

Mr. Barlow has more than a dent in stock for the "rings," however, for he says, also:

My election was merely a skirmish. The real battle began when we County Commissioners held our first meeting in 1914.

Mr. Barlow was nominated a Middlesex County Commissioner by the Republicans, but he was elected as an anti-ring man. Breaking of "rings" has been a bit of risible talk in his description of what was done. He says:

I bent them twice, I had them groggy in the caucuses, and I put them through the ropes on election day.

Whereas Mr. Barlow offers from a pugilist who gets knocked out of the ring and over the ropes, he figures that he knocked out the ring itself.

The particular piece of "ringing" that Mr. Barlow says the state was—and still is—that matter of a \$35,000 embezzlement of county funds. Efforts to have that matter thoroughly probed were blocked on Beacon Hill. The county has not yet recovered the money.

Here is the low end of his supporters' words:

Barlow Mused Up.

The ring may not be out of business, but it is badly mused up. You see, those fellows were every ring of the game of politics. Tammany has nothing on them. At election time they call to their aid every county officer and the men who sell supplies to the county.

There were a lot of candidates for the Republican nomination, and this helped me and hurt the ring. They tried to nominate Associate Commissioner Parich of Littleton, who was a former business partner of Gould.

The rank and file of the Republican voters don't want to have this crowd carry Middlesex around in their vest pockets. I was the nomination because the Republicans believed that I was against the ring and meant business.

After I had beaten them in the primary I served notice on the organization that I was going to fight them to a finish. I wouldn't sell under false colors.

The ring decided they might beat me at any cost. They baited my nomination and openly threw their support to McIntire, the Progressive candidate.

They figured that they might elect McIntire but if not, McIntire's Democratic vote would be sore. McIntire went up and down the county saying there wasn't any ring. McIntire just kept going. The ring unsharpened every weapon known to practical politicians.

I feared that I was fighting the people's battle and that I couldn't lose if I could drive the truth home to enough voters.

I didn't have much money but I ran as many advertisements as I could afford in the county papers. Every night I held rallies and had heart to heart talks with the voters. I just kept away at the ring and showed up the big deflection.

There was one very amusing incident. McIntire and myself were both trying to win the support of Lert Gould, the big boss, on the west.

Proved Boomerang for McIntire.

McIntire went out to Melrose and secured an affidavit from two of Gould's neighbors, stating that they had heard him say he was supporting me. McIntire ran this affidavit as an advertisement, and it cost him a lot of votes. I showed that Gould and his friends were trying to help him and must be close to him.

Robert N. Marlow, one of the county commissioners, is part owner of a Lowell paper. This paper gave me a terrible beating every day and I was beaten because it convinced the independent voters that the ring was backing my Progressive opponent.

It was a desperate battle. The county crowd were, of course, also to swing thousands of Republican votes.

YOUR FEATURES

HAVE YOU DEFORMED NOSE?

STANLEY GIBSON, M. D.

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Marlboro Boy Will Be Assistant District Attorney of Middlesex

Frank P. O'Donnell, who has accepted the offer of District Attorney-elect William J. Corcoran.



Young Marlboro Lawyer Accepts
Assistant District Attorney-
ship of Middlesex County.

District Attorney-elect William J. Corcoran said he had accepted another Middlesex lawyer to accept the position of Second Assistant District Attorney, but that public announcement of the matter was held in abeyance pending a decision on the part of the lawyer to whom the appointment had been offered.

Frank P. O'Donnell is a native of Marlboro, having been born there March 14, 1878, and he has lived in that city all his life.

After attending the public schools he was graduated from the Marlboro High School, and during his high school course was employed in the law office of Attorney J. J. Shanahan of that city. Mr. O'Donnell resided in Marlboro during his college years, from which he was graduated in June, 1900. In August of that year he was admitted to the Massachusetts bar, and since that time has been associated continuously with ex-Mayor Shawmut in the office where he has been studying the law.

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Charles C. Barton, Jr., of Brookline, a brother of the dead man, hastened immediately to New York when he learned of his brother's death. He stated that he knew nothing of the circumstances of his brother's death.

Barton was found lying on the door of his room, his right hand clutching a revolver. The bullet entered the right temple.

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F. P. O'DONNELL TO ASSIST CORCORAN

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DRAPER BALL NOW CLAIMS CAPITAL

Society Wonders if Party to Late
Ambassador's Daughter Will
Surpass Wilson Wedding.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 29.—When the Wilsons supped at Mayers the exclusive society of the Capital, with eager interest in the plans for the forthcoming Christmas ball which Mrs. William F. Draper of Hingham, Mass., and Washington, will give for her accomplished daughter, Margaret Preston Draper, on December 10.

For her 1913 Christmas ball, Mrs. Draper has elected a party of the Meron and Massachusetts. The most elaborate society is being maintained as to the final plans, but a number of unique surprises for the 400 guests have been arranged and the decorations will be busy the past fortnight transforming the ballroom to conform to the old halls of the period.

The invitations for the ball have already been sent out. They have gone as far West as Chicago and as far East as Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Newport, and Pittsburgh will be among the recipients.

As at the former dances, the Marine Band orchestra will furnish the music, but instead of the conventional selection of the dances, the ball will be a series of dances by two of the foremost composers of America, depicting the evolution of the dance and the history of the Republic from the Lewis and Clark expedition to the present day.

The first of the new surprises will come when the orchestra opens up the "Globe." "We mean to have the orchestra play the music of the globe," says Mrs. Draper. "We mean to have the orchestra play the music of the globe," says Mrs. Draper. "We mean to have the orchestra play the music of the globe," says Mrs. Draper.

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Girl Upon Whom the Eyes of Washington's Society Now Centre

Miss Margaret Draper, preparations for whose debutante party are now being made.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 29.—When the Wilsons supped at Mayers the exclusive society of the Capital, with eager interest in the plans for the forthcoming Christmas ball which Mrs. William F. Draper of Hingham, Mass., and Washington, will give for her accomplished daughter, Margaret Preston Draper, on December 10.

For her 1913 Christmas ball, Mrs. Draper has elected a party of the Meron and Massachusetts. The most elaborate society is being maintained as to the final plans, but a number of unique surprises for the 400 guests have been arranged and the decorations will be busy the past fortnight transforming the ballroom to conform to the old halls of the period.

The invitations for the ball have already been sent out. They have gone as far West as Chicago and as far East as Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Newport, and Pittsburgh will be among the recipients.

As at the former dances, the Marine Band orchestra will furnish the music, but instead of the conventional selection of the dances, the ball will be a series of dances by two of the foremost composers of America, depicting the evolution of the dance and the history of the Republic from the Lewis and Clark expedition to the present day.

The first of the new surprises will come when the orchestra opens up the "Globe." "We mean to have the orchestra play the music of the globe," says Mrs. Draper.

FARMER HUNTED FOR KILLING OF ELDER BROTHER

Girl Describes Quarrel and Fatal Shooting at Dartmouth Farm.

NEW BEDFORD, Nov. 29.—A young couple and their mother were shot to death last night in a late hour incident for Edward Manchester, who was charged with shooting and killing his brother, Frank, at the latter's farm on Beacon road this afternoon while the mother and the girl were visiting.

Paints from Perch 140 Feet in the Air

"Stepplimim" Furnishes Thrills for Guests at Hotel Brewster.

Beverly, Mass., Nov. 29.—The "Stepplimim" act, which has been a feature of the hotel since its opening, was given a new twist to it last night when the artist painted a picture of the hotel from a perch 140 feet in the air.

Urges State Build Western Trolleys

Roland D. Sawyer to Offer Bill in New Legislature.

Representative-elect Roland D. Sawyer of Ware, Massachusetts, for Governor last year and now a Democrat, will shortly introduce a bill in the Legislature for state-owned trolley lines in Western Massachusetts.

Abandoned Baby in South Station

Was Cheerfully Talking to Himself When Found.

While making his rounds in the South Station last night the watchman found a baby, "cuddly" and "cheerful," in the arms of a woman who had left the baby in the station.

New Haven to End B. & A. Agreement

Plan Said to Provide for Separation of Road from Other Lines.

The Boston & Albany operating agreement between the New Haven and New York Central Railroads will come to a few weeks, according to forecast made by the Boston News Bureau yesterday.

Underwood to Keep His Seat in House

WASHINGTON, Nov. 29.—Majority leader Underwood of the House of Representatives today said that he would retain his seat in the Lower House.

Few Names Filed for School Tickets

School Committee Unanimous papers filed for the election of school tickets.

To Discuss Charter at Revere Meeting

To help to make Revere the next city in the State is the aim of the meeting planned for tomorrow night in the Revere hall.

Mrs. Sayre Thanks House for Its Gift

WASHINGTON, Nov. 29.—Mrs. Frances Sayre, formerly Mrs. John Woodrow Wilson, sent a letter to the House, thanking the members for their gift to her of a diamond pendant.

"I Can't Sleep" "I Can't Eat"

Which instantly soothes your stomach, relieves sleeplessness, headache, nausea, indigestion. No narcotic. Made by C. I. Hood Co., Lowell, Mass.

Dennett's 'Spiritual Mate' Tells Her Law of Life

"There Is No Fixed Marriage Form," Says Mrs. Chase; "The Soul Is Greater Than All Institutions"

SAYS Mrs. Margaret E. Chase, "spiritual mate" of Harriet Dennett, for the first time explaining her law of life:

True love goes out like the light, in every direction. If married people truly love each other they will understand their partners having genuine friendships with other people.

All authority is nullifying. It is folly to allow other people's ideas to influence your own life.

The soul is greater than any institution, law or custom. Husbands and wives should not try to control each other.

There is no such thing today as a characteristic and fixed form or institution of marriage. All kinds of marriage exist today.

Be square with yourself. Live your own life regardless of others.

Despise no one; try and understand everybody.

MRS. MARGARET E. CHASE, cultured, brilliant, womanly, the wife of Dr. Lincoln Chase, and the "spiritual mate" of Harriet Dennett, has been spreading the teachings of her law of life.

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MRS. M. E. CHASE, SKETCHED FROM LIFE BY ROSS.



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150 Weavers in Fall River to Strike

Laborers Will Work Without Wages Not Consider Offer.

With the exception of the 150 weavers in Fall River, who are to strike on Monday, the rest of the weavers in the city are to work without wages.

The weavers in Fall River are to strike on Monday, and the rest of the weavers in the city are to work without wages.

Officers Celebrate the Army Victory

Cadets Cheered as They Break Training at New York Hotel.

NEW YORK, Nov. 29.—The officers of the Army celebrated the victory of the United States over Germany in the war.

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MRS. HILTON IS LOYAL TO HANISH LEADER OF CULT

Lowell High Priestess of Sun Worshipers Defends Convicted Leader.

Lowell, Mass., Nov. 29.—Mrs. Hilton, the wife of the late John Hilton, who was convicted of the murder of her husband, is defending the leader of the Sun worshipers.

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I'm Not Afraid of Any Bill of Fare

If You Use a Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablet After Each Meal You Can Eat What You Like.

It does not make any difference what you eat if you use Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablet.

No bill of fare should spoil or disgust a man who wants to eat. There is a simple, sure way and that is by eating a Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablet in your pocket or purse to be ready for each meal.

"I love to eat my food as a bill of fare."

This tablet will go into your stomach like food. It takes with your digestive juices, strengthens them to their correct proportion. Then it will follow the food into the stomach where it will again aid in the process of digestion.

Even though you eat the best of food a little tablet taken at the close of your dinner will take care of the food and prevent indigestion.

Acute indigestion has no fear for the man who will occasionally use a Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablet.

We are a nation of "high flyers." We travel recklessly fast in all we do, and eating light food at all hours has made indigestion and stomach trouble our national disease.

A Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablet will make you free from this danger, and the best of it is that you may eat just as you like at any time and prove this statement true.

Get it in your drug store and buy a box, price 50 cents.

O.D.C. O.D.C. X-Z-MA Remedy

THE ONLY SAFE, PURE, POSITIVE CURE FOR ECZEMA AND KINDRED SKIN DISEASES

DANDRUFF IS ALSO A FORM OF ECZEMA O.D.C. X-Z-MA REMEDY CURES IT

None Other Make This Offer \$100.00 AWARDED TO THE FIRST PERSON TO CURE ECZEMA O.D.C. CANNOT CURE IT

Price \$1.00. By Mail Order, At All Reliable Drug Stores.

O.D.C. COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y. O.D.C. COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y.

Wellesley "Sophs" Are Dance Hosts

Freshmen Entertained at Merry Dance in Barn.

The Wellesley "Sophs" were the hosts of a merry dance in the barn.

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Freed to See Burial of Wife and Baby

Both Mrs. Wellesley and her husband were freed to see the burial of their wife and baby.

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Al Adams' Widow Wins Suit of Seer

NEW YORK, Nov. 29.—Mrs. Isabella Adams, widow of Al Adams, has won a suit of seer.

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IT PAYS TO KEEP IN TOUCH WITH THE SIEGEL STORE

An Unmatchable Bargain in
Women's Holiday Neckwear
 Stock of dainty lace, trimmed with silk fold and bow,
 casual, jabot attached, colors sky, pink, orange and
 Navy blue, all complete in box. At **25c**

1/2 Minutes by Tunnel to No. Station Nearest Big Store to SoHo Stalls
HENRY SIEGEL Co
 Washington and Essex Streets, Boston.

Up on the Third Floor, near the Circus. You will find Santa Klaus in his candy kitchen manufacturing the nicest sweets known. He has over 400 kinds. You must come and select for yourself. Old Santa will give you free samples of his own make. Make up orders for your stocking. Write your name and address plainly.

Old-Fashioned Bitter Sweet Chocolates, regular 25c. lb. 17c



A REAL LIVE CIRCUS at SIEGEL'S

With Funny
Things You
and MAUD.

Clowns, Chattering and Tumbling About the Ring and Saying the Drollest
Ever Heard, Beautiful Little Trick Ponies, Seven Performing Dogs
the Unridable Mule, Greatest One-Ring Show That Ever Came to Towland

Ask any child and they'll tell you that no circus was ever any good without the clowns, and old Santa Claus knew this, so he got the funniest clowns he could find for his circus. They can do most anything except ride **MAUD**, the unridable mule. It's awfully funny to see them try. She has just kicked one of the clowns and sent him tumbling into the lower corner of this advertisement. The poor clown in his anger flings his hat at **MAUD**. He won't go near her again.

Bring the Children to See the Circus—Admission Free
Circus Grounds—Third Floor—Entrance in Toyland

Between the shows let the children roam through Toyland and see the most wonderful and fascinating display of toys Santa ever brought to Siegel's. The biggest, best arranged toy show in Boston.

The Menagerie

Beautiful Doll House
And little doll families to live in them—and right opposite is the big doll furniture store with its world of variety.

Railroads

Games

Old and new—for children and older folks too—a whole slew of them—including the puzzles—they're aw-

Circus per-
formances
daily at
10:30, 11:30
and 2, 3 and
4 P. M.

Slippers

Or, at least that is the way it seems—Slippers for Men, Slippers for Women, Slippers for Children.

be Now Ahead of the Christmas Rush

Men's Slippers—Tan and black, Romeo style— Pair—	\$1.39 and \$1.75	Women's Slippers—Pure trimmed, ribbon trimmed, and more— felt—all colors. Pr.	89¢ to \$1.50
Men's Slippers—Opera and Everett cut, in black and tan— Pair—	75¢, \$1 and \$1.50	Women's \$1.00 and \$1.25 Camfy Slippers— in all colors.	79¢ and \$1.00

Gift Things For Everyone

No matter what you are planning to spend, you will find what you want at your price in these great stocks.

 Three-Piece Toilet Sets , white or extra large men's, quality bars and grooming tools in metal case listed \$85... Value \$4.98 each... \$2.00	The New Fallman or Tourist Apron , 100% cotton, 100% ribbed aprons... 98c
Pocket Manicure Sets —with nail buffer bar and polish, perfect for travel... 25c	Dresser Closets —Imitation wood and stainless steel... 59c
	Children's Manicure Sets —white enamel box with nail brush and nail file... 49c

Useful Holiday Gifts

Specialty Priced to Facilitate Early Shopping

5-Tea Cakes

 50¢

5-Tea Cakes

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5-Tea Cakes

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5-Tea Cakes

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5-Tea Cakes

This Dressing Sacque

Usually Sells at 59c
It is seldom you see
such quality, workman-
ship and style for

39c

Made of extra heavy flannel-
ette in handsome Persian pat-
terns. Soft, smooth, com-
fortable, outlined with satin-
in, mus. cut extra full, com-
patted waist belt, all above

Two Carloads of Four-Yard Linoleum at Nearly Half Price

These Goods Have Reached Us One Month Late and Owing to the Fact that We Have to Make Room for Holiday Goods, We Must Dispose of These Goods At Once. Department Now Located On Fourth Floor

4-Yard Wide Goods—Wide enough to cover the ordinary room seam. Perfect so far as the body of the goods or the wearing concerned. Regular price of this class of goods is 80c per square yard. On account of slight imperfections in the design the price will be for Monday's selling per square yard....

27 Rolls of New Perfect Linoleum—Several patterns to select from. Regular price 90c per square yard. Sale price per square yard is.....

without a quality is	57 Rolls of the Two-Year Wide Cord Linoleum—Same quality of goods as lot just mentioned. Same conditions so far as the mismatching is concerned. Regular price per square yard is 65c. Sale price per square yard is.....	39c
55c	37 Rolls of the Inlaid Linoleum—Wood patterns prevail in this lot. The kind of goods that wear indefinitely on account of the colors being close through to the back, known as Cork. The regular price per square yard is \$1.50. Sale price per sq. yd. is	84c

Third Floor
A Practical Gift

Men's Coat Sweaters
Two special lots at prices that
will be impossible later

Men's Shaker Knit Sweaters
Worth 3.00 and 4.00 at

Shaker knit wool, coat style,
large collar and real ivory, shawl
collars and V necks; sizes 36
to 44 **\$1.95**

Men's Shaker Knit Sweaters
Worth from 6.00 to 8.00

Strictly full fashioned, Shaker knit, coat style
hand tailored, guaranteed colors and
buttonholes, shawl collar and V
necks, all wanted sizes and colors **\$5.50**

Already Our Big Furniture Store Is Alive

With Holiday Buying



\$35 and \$45 China Cabinets

Several patterns of these cabinets sold elsewhere, the 4 shown pictured at the left, truly wonderful

\$24.75

Here Are Some Special Offerings Tomorrow That Will Bring Christmas Crowds

A Clearance of All Brass Beds

At 1/3 to 1/2 off Regular Prices

Only Room to Quote a Single Example Here

\$30 COLONIAL DINING TABLE



Quartermaster, 44x33, 12 heavy Colonial chairs, 12 English round silver

\$17.75

\$15.00 Mahogany Parlor Table



26 inch top, made exactly as pictured at the right. A splendid value at.....

\$8.75

\$18 Brass Beds



Made with 2-inch continuous posts, 10 heavy fillers, best lacquer; style just as pictured at the left—

\$9.95

12.00 Music Cabinets



Very handsome, capacious music cabinets in rich mahogany finish; be early, they go quickly

\$8.75

Third Floor
Boys' Chinchilla

Overcoats

**Good Value
At \$6.00**

\$4.95

The Warmest Without Weight
Coat—Smart style with belt all
around and buttons to match. Fin-
ished in \$6.00 collar of same cloth
and with an all over wool body
lining, blue, brown, gray and oxi-
ford, sizes 8 to 16 years.

**Boys' Polo Coats—Of wool
overcoatings. In pretty
shades and colors
with belt all around and
button to neck.
Smart styles and colors,
flannel linings
from 8 to 16 years**

\$2.95

**Boys' Olekin Rain Coats
(as pictured)—Raincoat
and no-wear coat com-
plete: an excellent Christ-
mas gift, guaranteed
absolutely waterproof, in
black and yellow, sizes
5 to 18 yrs.**

\$2.50



The Greatest Sale of Women's Coats We've Ever Held in November

The Entire Stock of High-Grade Coats of A. Davis & Co., 928 Broadway, N. Y.

At Less Than 50c on the Dollar

The letter published on the right tells the story, and A. Davis & Co. are among the best makers of high-grade coats in this country. Each garment carries their positive guarantee of high standard.

Think of it—you can buy a guaranteed \$40 coat, absolutely the latest and most correct style, for \$15. It hardly seems possible, and we can candidly state that we've never seen the values of this sale equalled in the history of our merchandising.

Materials alone would cost more than paid--You secure the best of style and

The Entire Stock of \$25 to \$40 Coats at \$15 Each

ALL SIZES, FROM 14 TO 44

COATS
\$15.

Silk Plush Coats
Persianna Coats
Astrachan Cloth Coats
Brocaded Velour Coats
Ural Lamb Coats

Velour Delaine Coats
Eponge Coats
Boucle Coats
Brocaded Plush Coats
Chinchilla Coats

**\$25 to \$40
COATS
\$15.**

Compare These

Grocery

Prices with the ones you
pay—it's worth while

Large Butch.....	\$5.90
Large Butch.....	\$6.75
Makes the highest, creamiest loaves and a bread producer.	
Tender Sweet Corn Can.....	.25
Large Can Asparagus.....	.25
Washing.....	.25
Paper packages.....	.10
Welons—3 Small Bag.....	.10
Rice—Aunt Uncut, 3 Pks.....	.25
Chile Sauce.....	.10
Chile Sauce—Large bottle.....	.10
A full line of fresh street treat goods for diabetes sufferers.	
Peaches—Hunt's Supreme Lemon Flavor.....	.25
Salmon—Pancy select loon.....	.25
Refugee String Beans.....	.25
Pineapple—Cameron, fancy canned.....	.18
Sweet Drizzling Candies.....	.10
No. 10, \$.85; No. 10 to \$1.10	
Pickling Onions.....	.10
10-lb. bag \$1.25 per pack	
Florida Oranges.....	.25
Don't.....	.10
Don't.....	.10

Hams and Bacon

Name Sugar cured and very lean.
Smoked Shoulder—Lk..... \$1.45
Smoked Ham..... \$1.45
Salt Pork—Don't heavy back

Choice of these beautiful Coats Monday at . . . \$15.⁰⁰

CAST INTO CELL, ROBBED IN RIO

L. H. Acton Tells a Remarkable Story of Losing Wife and Persecution by Brazil Officials.

NEW YORK, Nov. 29.—Separated from his wife, a German heiress—and thrown into prison by the Argentine government—the police of Rio de Janeiro was the experience of Lewis H. Acton of Laredo, Tex., Port land, Ore., and Buenos Aires, according to a remarkable story he told here yesterday.

Acton, who will not deny that he is traveling under an assumed name, says he was a real estate agent in Buenos Aires. He claims to have left the Argentine city on October 1, arriving in London on Oct. 6, in the following day he claims, while talking to friends, he was arrested.

"On October 20," said Acton, "I was released." I was told that my wife, who had been waiting for me in London since they were married, understood, on the day we arrived, that I had come from Europe to the United States Ambassador's office, where my solicitation. I go to know where my wife is now," he let me.

When I was released I was told charges of murder and white slavery

"In the cell I left were children of all ages, from 1 to 12 years of age. Almost naked, child of starvation and savagery beyond belief. Inhumanity in awful form prevailed. A cup of coffee was given to each child. Later in the afternoon constituted the food for the day. We slept on the floor, two and three to a bed. Some of the children were smothered.

"Colonel Roosevelt arrived in Rio on the 12th. He was met by the press and until the 10th, we received neither water nor food.

"A friend, a native of Chicago, claims American citizenship but cannot produce naturalization papers. He was in Portland as his place of naturalization. He was born in Chicago, Illinois, in 1893. Two years ago he went to his home and did military service. Stoppage of his passport was on November 9, 1914. Married Doc Ernsberger.

*Make This and Try It for
Coughs*

Mix one pint of granulated sugar with $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of warm water, and stir for 2 minutes. Put $2\frac{1}{2}$ ounces of Pinex (fifty cents' worth) in a

Syrup. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours.

This simple remedy takes hold of a cough more quickly than anything else you ever used. Usually cures an ordinary cough in less than 24

This makes more and better cough

Pine-x is a most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, and is rich in guaiacol and other natural pine elements.

Making cough syrup with Pinez and sugar syrup (or strained honey) has proven so popular throughout the United States and Canada that

A guaranty of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this preparation. Your

you. If not, send to The Pinex Co.,
 Ft. Wayne, Ind.

6 QTS.
\$4.50

AHANA'

ISKEYA

the original price was right and the
ever come down. By keeping always on
nt supply of whiskey to meet all our
four years we are sure of maintaining
evenness of quality. We are a quality

concern in the business. Moreover, we
the trade as strictly a whiskey house.
whiskies is enormous. Our stock,
us everything good in the liquor line.
d us that of any high grade liquor

"A" WHISKEY, which sells at four
for \$3.00, six full quarts for \$4.50 and
for \$6.00. Express prepaid in New
guarantee that **CALLAHAN "A"** will
after sampling one bottle, if you feel that

Remember the address below the next stop at our big clock "on your way to

F. CALLAHAN & CO.
32 FEDERAL STREET, BOSTON
Telephones: Fort Hill 3754-3751

Dealers: Send for Our Terms

way

Station 11

WILL DISCUSS FOUND GREAT
NEW MEASURES FAVOR ABROAD

The A. A. A. Is to Take Test New System Is Regarded as
Registration Case to Most Important
Higher Court. Advance.

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

The way in which the world
is receiving the 1914
Cadillac—

the wonderful manner in which it is performing—presages an unprecedented Cadillac year.



372-378 Boylston Street



The lowest-priced, most economical used car in the market. Six-passenger—4 cylinders and motor power. Price includes two-inch air suspension, fenders, three oil lamps, horn and wax, including jack—L. O. B. Detroit. Get particulars from Ford Motor Company, 650 Jackson Street, or direct from Detroit Factory.

Ford Model T Town Car—\$750

RUTH DRAPER IN MONOLOGUE

Miss Ruth Draper, who has been touring the country for several months, will appear at the Boston American on Monday, December 2, at 8 o'clock. Her program will include a monologue on "The Life of a Woman" and a play, "The Life of a Woman".

That Style? Your Figure? Impossible!



As fashion progresses, the figure of the woman is becoming more and more of a problem. The woman who wishes to wear the latest style must also consider her figure. The woman who wishes to wear the latest style must also consider her figure.

"Build a Warship in Boston"

The Pattern Makers' Association Joins the Boston American's Plea to the Government.

Boston, Mass., Nov. 29.—The Pattern Makers' Association, which has been active in the campaign to build a warship in Boston, has today joined the Boston American's plea to the government. The association, which represents the pattern makers of the city, has written a letter to the government, urging it to build a warship in Boston. The letter states that the pattern makers of the city are willing to supply the pattern for the ship, and that they are willing to build the ship themselves. The letter also states that the pattern makers of the city are willing to supply the pattern for the ship, and that they are willing to build the ship themselves.

Coleman Pictures Lack of Democracy

Declares Back Bay Far Away from West End.

Every night exhibition of democracy is being held in the Coleman Pictures. The pictures are being shown in the Coleman Pictures, which are located in the Coleman Pictures. The pictures are being shown in the Coleman Pictures, which are located in the Coleman Pictures.

500 Pentecostal Delegates Meet

Convention Opens Today in East

A convention of 500 Pentecostal delegates will today open in the East. The convention is being held in the East, and is being held in the East. The convention is being held in the East, and is being held in the East.

Raze Old City Hall of Charlestown

Interest Centers on Historic Remnants in Battery.

The work of razing Charlestown's old City Hall is being carried on in the Battery. The work is being carried on in the Battery, and is being carried on in the Battery. The work is being carried on in the Battery, and is being carried on in the Battery.

Ouch! Lame Back Rub Pains Away

Rub Backache Away With a Small Trial Bottle of "St. Jacobs Oil."

Children cause backache? Not they have no power, therefore can't cause pain. Lateral! Your backache is caused by lameness, motion or strain, and the quickest relief is soothing, penetrating "St. Jacobs Oil." Rub it right on the ache or tender spot, and instantly the pain, soreness, stiffness and lameness disappear. Don't say "ouch!" Get a small trial bottle of "St. Jacobs Oil" from your druggist, and under up. A moment after it is applied you'll wonder what became of the backache, aching or lameness pain. "St. Jacobs Oil" is harmless and doesn't burn the skin. It's the only application to rub on a weak, lame or painful back, or for lameness, stiffness, neuralgia, rheumatism, sprains or strains.

1600 Expected at "Movies" in Church

Picture shown here, it is predicted, will draw a moving picture exhibition.

The picture shown here, it is predicted, will draw a moving picture exhibition. The picture shown here, it is predicted, will draw a moving picture exhibition.

ENGAGEMENT ANNOUNCED.

Miss George Edward of Boston street has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Anna Edward, to Mr. John H. Harris of Brookline.

Miss George Edward of Boston street has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Anna Edward, to Mr. John H. Harris of Brookline. Miss George Edward of Boston street has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Anna Edward, to Mr. John H. Harris of Brookline.

Harvard Trustees for Art Museum

The trustees of the Museum of Fine Arts, representing Harvard, are William Brewster, John T. Coolidge, Jr., and Robert Bacon.

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R.H. WHITE.

TOYLAND AT WHITE'S WHERE YOU SAVE MONEY

The New Things for 1914 All the Old Time Favorites Now the Rush Has Started

Don't Delay Buying—Think of the disappointed children Christmas morning if you put off buying until the last week or two and find the toys the children specially asked for are all sold.

BUY YOUR TOYS at WHITE'S THIS WEEK

50 Cent Car, 1000 ft. run, \$1.00	\$1.25 Toy Car, 1000 ft. run, \$1.25	\$1.50 Toy Car, 1000 ft. run, \$1.50	\$1.75 Toy Car, 1000 ft. run, \$1.75
50 Cent Car, 1000 ft. run, \$1.00	\$1.25 Toy Car, 1000 ft. run, \$1.25	\$1.50 Toy Car, 1000 ft. run, \$1.50	\$1.75 Toy Car, 1000 ft. run, \$1.75
50 Cent Car, 1000 ft. run, \$1.00	\$1.25 Toy Car, 1000 ft. run, \$1.25	\$1.50 Toy Car, 1000 ft. run, \$1.50	\$1.75 Toy Car, 1000 ft. run, \$1.75
50 Cent Car, 1000 ft. run, \$1.00	\$1.25 Toy Car, 1000 ft. run, \$1.25	\$1.50 Toy Car, 1000 ft. run, \$1.50	\$1.75 Toy Car, 1000 ft. run, \$1.75

A Wise Old Quaker Once Said:

"Nathan, it isn't what thee eats that makes thee fat, but what thee digests; nor is it what thee reads that makes thee smart, but what thee remembers."

By the same token, it isn't the advertising which appears in the most newspapers which pays the highest profit, but that which is given sufficient space in the newspaper whose contents are absorbed—whose advertising is assimilated—by the greatest number of buying-believing people.

The Boston American is now actively engaged in a well-planned campaign to create an even greater interest among its readers in the profitable practice of reading American advertisements carefully and continuously.

A field already rich in profit-producing possibilities for advertisers thus becomes one of intensified responsiveness. A field now ready for sowing—ready for the seeds of Christmas gift suggestions. And early planting is bound to bring bounteous holiday harvests.

Conservatively estimated, the 400,000 people reached daily by the Boston American will spend Sixteen Million Dollars for Christmas remembrances.

To this must be added the usual Thirty-Two Million Dollar monthly household expenditure of the great family of daily Boston American readers.

This means that at least \$48,000,000 will be influenced by the Boston American in December. And it is logical that the lion's share of this business will go to the firms which make a big bid for it.

Think of it! \$48,000,000—the spending of which is NOW BEING PLANNED. And a means at your command by which you may get into quick, close, personal touch with the spenders.

Your appeal through the Boston American's columns in a big, commanding way—tomorrow and every day thereafter until Christmas—will be productive of big present profits and bigger future business.

BOSTON AMERICAN

A Personal Power with 400,000 Responsive Readers

Advertise Your Wants in the Boston American

PRESIDENT WILSON SEES ARMY BEAT NAVY, 22 TO 9

★★★

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MOST BRILLIANT CROWD IN AMERICAN SPORT HISTORY WATCHES GREAT FOOTBALL BATTLE

President Wilson Watching the Game—Woodruff of the Army Tying the Score with Field Goal in Second Period

ARMY NAVY LINEUP
AT POLO GROUNDSTRICK PLAYS
WIN; 45,000
AT THE GAMEC. S. Smith is the
winner of the
game. He is in
the New York City
C. S. Smith is the
winner of the
game. He is in
the New York CityBy FRANK MURPHY
The game was a
great success. The
crowd was the
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success. The crowd
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game was a great
success. The crowd
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the game.EVERETT BOYS CRUSH
LAFAYETTE CHAMPIONS
IN TITLE GAME, 33-0New York State Gridiron Warriors Unable to Hold
Greater Boston Youngsters in Fast Battle on
Rain Soaked Field—Buffalo Team Made Des-
perate Rally in Third Period, but Failed to ScoreBattling on a field of mud several inches deep, with many
paddles of water scattered here and there, the Everett High
School football team won the high school championship of the
East yesterday afternoon at Everett, by defeating the Lafayette
High School team of Buffalo, New York, by the overwhelming
score of 33 to 0.The day was a sad disappointment to all concerned, and the
conditions the players were forced to battle under were the
worst ever seen in a high school game. It was predicted that
close to 10,000 spectators would be on hand to witness the inter-
sectional contest, but the severe weather kept the throng away
and only 2,000 braved the rain, and attended.Just what the results would have been on a dry gridiron is
a problem, but it was the general opinion of those at the game
that the Buffalo boys would have made a better showing had
they been able to secure strong footing.EVERETT USED WEIGHT TO ADVANTAGE
Weight took on the slippery gridiron, and the Everett team had that
and used it to great advantage. The great heavy Everett line swept
the Buffalo linemen off their feet and much of the ground was gained
by straight football through the line.It could be seen that the Lafayette team had speed and was well
drilled in open play, but it was useless to try this style of play. The
Buffalo boys found that they could not gain on straight plays and
worked desperately to gain ground by forward passes, but time and
again the wet ball was fumbled.Although battling against the biggest odds, the Buffalo boys were
eager to get in the fight and this eagerness cost them many yards in
penalties for offside playing.The wet ball robbed Everett of several touchdowns. No less than
four beautifully executed forward passes over the goal line fell short on
account of the wetness of the pigskin.

Continued on Page 5, Column 1.

Sid Leslie Wins
Cross Country TitleNEW YORK, Nov. 29.—The cross-
country run for the championship of
America held here this afternoon was
won by Sid Leslie of the Long Island
A. C. His time for the six miles was
24:42. Gaston Brothman, untroubled, was
second, and A. Ross of Monahan A. C.
was third.

HIBERNIANS WIN

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 29.—In the
second round of the American Cup com-
petition held at Hibernian Park to-
day, the Philadelphia Hibernians elimi-
nated Brooklyn from the competi-
tion by the overwhelming score of seven
goals to one. The local team played a
superior game and as an aside did the
better have any chance of winning.Walter Travis Wins
Lakewood TourneyLAKEWOOD, N. J., Nov. 29.—Walter
Travis won the Fall tournament of the
Country Club at Lakewood today
when he defeated Max R. Matson of
Baltimore, the intercollegiate champion,
by 5 up and 2 to play.
Earlier in the day both the natives
won hard semifinals matches. Travis
beat J. P. Shanley of Deal by only 2 up
and 1 to play, while Matson, after he
had behind large part of his round
up, defeated R. K. DeForest of the home club.
Travis secured the match and was on the
day's extra hole.Walter Camp Tells
Why the Navy LostSays Army Was Used to Fighting and Was Most
Successful With Forward PassesBy WALTER CAMP.
Yale's Veteran Coach and America's Greatest Author on College Football.
NEW YORK, Nov. 29.—Why did the favorite lose? This is the
question that interested some 45,000 people and the ex-
planation is not difficult.Primarily, their schedule had been too easy, they didn't know
what it was to be behind and this new experience seemed to have
a crippling effect upon their efforts. The Army, on the other hand,
had not only known what it was to be behind but had to fight against
terrible odds in two games, at least, of their schedule.The second reason was the great superiority of the Army team
in making forward passes and in defending against them.The third reason was that the Navy punter gave his team two
bad frights early in the game by getting too close to his rush line to
make his kick, with the result that both kicks were blocked and one,
at least, he was very fortunate not to have result in a touchdown
in both three kicks he was between nine and eight yards of his line-
too close for any punter to take chances.

Army Punter Got Off All His Kicks.

The Army, on the other hand, kept their punter back eleven
yards from the line, with the result that he got off all of his kicks
The Navy's punting was worth ten to fifteen yards on every ex-
change, but these two blocked kicks not only neutralized that but
had a very bad moral effect on the Navy line.The first question, and one already partially answered, is how
the "under dog" should come to the front and defeat the favorite
by such an overwhelming score as 22 to 9?The principal reason is that the Army, knowing that they had
an inferior attack and would probably be outplayed, based their en-
tire plan of campaign on taking long chances.The second reason is that they had a splendidly developed for-
ward passing game, not only in its execution, but also in the aided
detail of giving plenty of time for the receiver to get down the
field. In case the passer, by taking so much time, found him in in-
difficulties, the next step was carefully planned out and he merely
sat the ball to the ground in front of him, thus making the pass an
"incomplete pass" and entailing his team to take the ball back to
the point where it was put in play, with only the loss of a down.

Several times did he avail himself of this maneuver.

Star Army End Great Help.

Then the Army had in their star and one of the best receivers
of passes on the gridiron this year; twice did he succeed in catch-
ing a long, hard pass while on the run, with the Navy's defenders
close to it. More than that, on the second pass he did what Claren-
ce Alcott, the old Yale end, did in winning the Harvard game.

Continued on Page 5, Column 1.

Army and Navy Team Leaders
Praise Work of Rivals in Game

By CAPTAIN MOORE OF ARMY

The Navy played a fine game, but we
deserved to win from start to
finish. Our line fought better than
the one with our victory this morn-
ing. I think our victory was a
good one. I am delighted with the
result. I am proud of the team.I am proud of the team. I am
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sult. I am proud of the team.GAME CLEANEST SPORT
SPECTACLE IN WORLD

By GOUVERNUR MORRIS.

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in the history of the game."THAT ONE AD SOLD MY PLACE"
The story over the telephone extended well beyond
the limits of the newspaper. It was a story of a man who
had sold his place for a very low price.Sunday
American
Business OpportunitiesNet Paid Circulation
Nearly
400,000They are voters and owners of all kinds of business, from
a coffee shop to a mine, who want to sell out; voters of
men and women who look for safe investments; voters of
stock buyers, investors and others who need partner-
ships. Readers find AMERICAN "Business Opportunities"
quick help to progress and prosperity.
NOTE—When you answer them please say you are
an AMERICAN reader.
The character of the AMERICAN attracts dis-
criminating and progressive readers—a circulation of
superior quality as well as of unequalled quantity.
Over 400,000 Buy the American Every Evening.
Nearly 400,000 Buy the American Every Sunday.
Over 2,000,000 Consult American Want Ads. Every Week.

AHOY THERE AT THE POLO GROUNDS

Three Field Goals, but That's All the Navy Gets.

—

 **DuPont**
OF PARIS.
Restaurateur
40 West 3rd Cor. Tremont
Most Beautifully Decorated
and Best Serviced Restaurant
in Boston.
LUNCHEON 11-3
DINNER A LA CARTE
OR TABLE D'HOTE
WITH MUSIC 5-8 P. M.

JORDAN HALL
WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, Dec. 3, at
EDWARD LANKOW
Piano
Assisted by
ROBERT POLLAK
Mezzoripin Violinist
7:30, 8:15, 8:45 and 9:30 Cents
No sale at Symphony Hall.

EXPERTS TELL HOW THE ARMY BEWILDERED THE NAVY WITH BRILLIANT TRICK PLAYS

LIVELY SCENES DURING GREAT GRIDIRON FIGHT

Brilliant Throng Sees the Cadets and Middles in Battle—Raid Goat Is There, but the Army Mule Is an Artificial Beast

You Couldn't Throw a Rock Without Hitting a Flock of Prominent Persons—Women Saw the Battle Clad in Furs

By DANIEL RIVKIN.
NEW YORK Nov. 29.—"Bill," the Navy goat, bleats plaintively up and down the side lines. In his goat-like way, he is very sad. He has no heart for the wild tumult that is surging up and down the Polo Grounds in the thin mist of a cold winter evening.

He has no ears for the shrill triumphant shrieks that rend the damp air, for they have a most unfamiliar sound to him. He is the saddest and most forlorn critter that ever nibbled a blade of grass, is "Bill," the Navy goat, this night.

"Bill" cannot read, or he would be able with more discretion. He would take to his heels forthwith, for the Army is very fond of goat stew and they esteem themselves the owners of any and all goats belonging to the Navy, as witness the language of the score board which says, Army 22, Navy 9.

In ponder in the north bleacher is a vast mass of yellow banners, one sweeping back and forward like a rolling dune, but now drooping listlessly in the hands of a horde of nervous young midshipmen who sit dumbly silent, listening to the taunts of 600 gray uniformed Army officers, who are lined up in front of the deep sea water level.

Balloons Are Very Sad.
There is to sit and listen. Their time, like, no doubt is to rush and continue the battle just ended on the gridiron in rough and tumble style, but they must sit there and take their medicine. But they are not very unhappy.

Naturally, they are very unhappy. They had fondly anticipated going to the Army what the Army was doing to them. They are a lot sadder than "Bill," the Navy goat, for they must know exactly what he is and what they are and what he is and what they are and what he is and what they are.

They had come to New York to see the midshipmen of the Army, these midshipmen had. They had made preparations for some such jubilation as the Army was doing to them. They were a lot sadder than "Bill," the Navy goat, for they must know exactly what he is and what they are and what he is and what they are.

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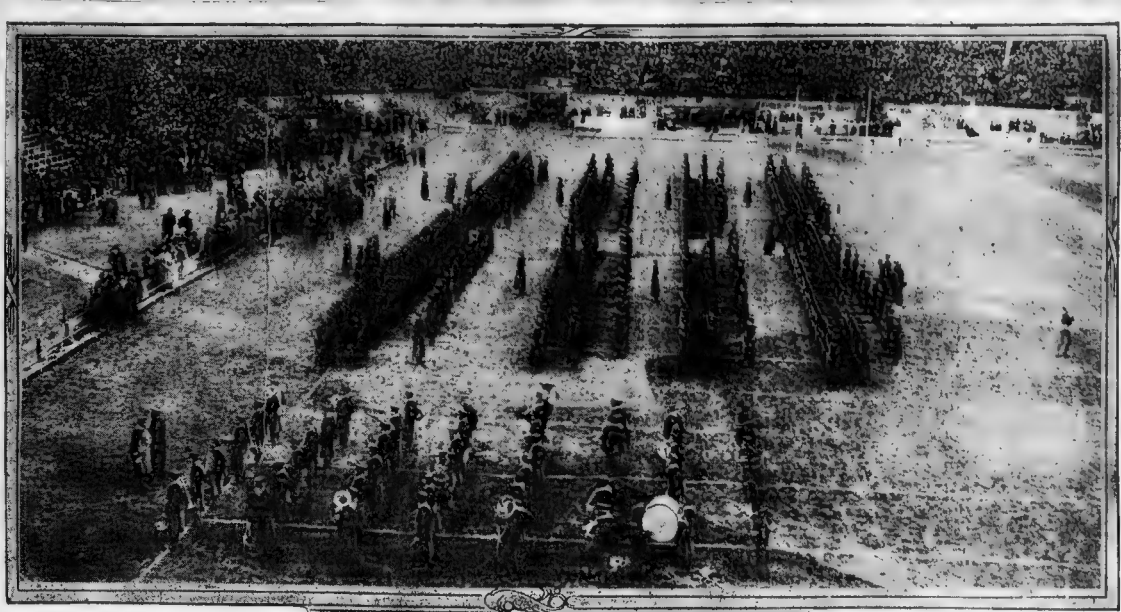
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Cadets and Middles Reviewed by the President on the Gridiron Before the Game Started



THE GAME By James J. Montague

THE sea is blue. The breakers moan. The billows eddy deep. A chill and sombre sadness broods across the rocky deep. We know not what the waves say; we hear them hiss and whine: "O, B. N. plays U. S. A. Licked. Twenty-two to nine." Arrived in my confidence those roaring sea dogs came. To example the landlubber up in one, reckless game.

ASTLEY bays! They bawled with glee; "see yonder river craft, And mark her gall before our guns have raked her fore and aft. The wind is in the south—the ships are thick with gloom, All signs pointing unflinchingly the Army's dire doom. To lay 'em out and climb aboard, up anchor, hard alee! We'll show 'em it ain't easy to float us sailors of the sea."

AND every one who ever sailed the rolling, tossing tide, From admiral to ferry hand, roared forth exultant pride. And shout 'em out and climb aboard, up anchor, hard alee! We'll show 'em it ain't easy to float us sailors of the sea."

THEN that dapper landlubber crowd put forth certain tricks. Wound up the startled Navy in two bowties and a kick. In vain they watched, in vain they mused—those sailors of the sea; In vain they told each other that this simply could not be.

THE ship has sunk! the captain cried. "Put off the jolly boat." There was no ship to be seen, no ship to be seen. The ship has sunk! the captain cried. "Put off the jolly boat."

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Navy Coach Says Better Team Won; Lauds Open Game

By J. A. REILLY.
Head Coach of Navy.

Well, that old mule certainly made a good job of it all right. He did think my team offered him a good deal of trouble. The game was a very good one, and the Army did very well. The Navy did very well. The game was a very good one, and the Army did very well. The Navy did very well.

But there was no sun. The breakers moan. The billows eddy deep. A chill and sombre sadness broods across the rocky deep. We know not what the waves say; we hear them hiss and whine: "O, B. N. plays U. S. A. Licked. Twenty-two to nine."

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WALTER CAMP'S STORY OF CADET TRIUMPH

Continued from First Page.

some years ago, that is, made sure of catching the ball, even though in doing so he had to fall with the ball clutched in his arms. True, he suffered one in the early part of the game, but it was on account of a little too great eagerness and the possible feeling that it could not really be true that he was going to get the desired touchdown. After that he made no mistakes.

The Army also used good judgment throughout the contest. Knowing the power of the backfield, having had a taste during that first few minutes of the game, when the big Navy backs tore through their line from mid field down almost to the goal line, they were wise enough to keep possession of the ball, even though their plunging attack against the wonderful defensive work of the Navy line was almost heroic.

But those plays that were nothing, and as long as they had possession of the ball the Navy could put bring into operation their force attack which had ripped inside and outside of guard and tackle with such tremendous power. Then, too, those plunges into the line, made by the Army backs, were sufficient to divert attention from what was really the Army's main plan—to keep the Navy guessing and constantly prepare the way for those forward passes, which rattled the Navy backfield defense.

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Navy Has Won Nine of Eighteen Games

The exact Navy gridiron battle dates to 1930, when the West Pointers inaugurated the series with a victory over the Army.

Weyland, the Army tackle, saved his team several times by his splendid defense work, and his opening of holes on several occasions showed skill, judgment and power.

Game Needs Another Official
There were several points in the game, but it should be said for them that there is really great necessity of bringing back the "red judge" (a fourth official) for there is altogether too much in the modern game for the officials to do. One of the most important cases was the signal of an Army back for a fair catch on kick-off, for he made an unmistakable signal and then ran with the ball. There were other decisions that were technical and rendered it certain that players cannot clearly understand what an official is doing, and that is, further tacking of a man who has already been

grated by a tackle. In several of the last games of the side have permitted a strong case was the signal of an Army back for a fair catch on kick-off, for he made an unmistakable signal and then ran with the ball. There were other decisions that were technical and rendered it certain that players cannot clearly understand what an official is doing, and that is, further tacking of a man who has already been

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MAMMOTH CROWD AT THE BIG GAME

Greatest Official Society Event
In America Was the Battle
of the Army and Navy

By FRANK G. MENKE

The Army and Navy football game, which was the greatest official society event in America, was the battle of the Army and Navy.

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BOWLERS BATTLE IN BIG MATCHES

Many Leagues Open for Winter
Season—Standings of
the Bowlers.

The bowling season is well under way in the city and the bowlers are busy with their winter work. The following are the standings of the various leagues as of the 1st of October.

AMATEUR BOSTON FIVE LEAGUE
The following are the standings of the Amateur Boston Five League as of the 1st of October.

CITY HALL BOWLING LEAGUE
The following are the standings of the City Hall Bowling League as of the 1st of October.

AMATEUR BOSTON FIVE LEAGUE
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Boston to Have Largest Motor Yacht Ever Built Luxurious 154-Foot Cruiser Building for 1914

Cruiser Will Fly the Flag of a
Massachusetts Club—Will Be
a Marvelously Palatial Boat

The new motor yacht, which will be the largest of its kind ever built, is now under construction at the Boston Yacht Club.

The yacht, which will be 154 feet long, 22 feet wide and 12 feet deep, will be built by the Boston Yacht Club.

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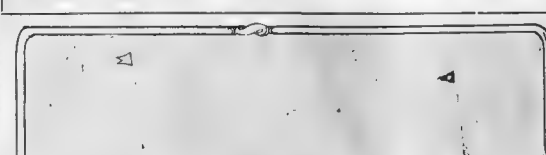
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MAGNIFICENT twin-screw power yacht, now under construction, which will be the largest of its kind ever built.



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SARGENT DEFENDS HEMENEWAY GYM

Famous Physical Instructor De-
clares Its Apparatus and Equip-
ment Are Up-to-Date.

Anyone who undertakes to say uncomplimentary things about the Harvard Gymnasium will get a quick answer from Sargent, who is the physical instructor there.

Sargent, who is the physical instructor at Harvard, is a man of many parts. He is a teacher, a coach, and a manager.

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FOOD FOR SPORT FANS

By GEORGE E. PHAIBY
ODE TO GEORGE ROSEL.
(By Geo. Willard)

You made me feel I am today;
You made me feel I am today;
You made me feel I am today;

You made me feel I am today;
You made me feel I am today;
You made me feel I am today;

You made me feel I am today;
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BATTERY A AFTER HONORS ON ICE

M. I. T. and Tufts Team to Open
Hockey Season at the
Arenas.

Battery A, which has won the recent victory over the Boston Celtics on the ice, is looking for other victories.

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Best American Golfers Quimet Is First Choice

Brookline Boy Played Remarkable
Game of Golf in Big 1913
Tournaments.

By H. P. FARRINGTON.
After carefully considering the season's play shows in the golfing annals of the past year, I have come to the decision that facts and figures should be used as a basis for rating the best golfers in the country, together with the most common sense to make one's arrangements seem logical.

There will doubtless be numerous criticisms upon the choice I have made, but as I questioned the arrangement that I have made, I have decided to stick to it.

Many golfers claim that medal play, which the professionals always use as a basis for deciding championships, shows the true golf. Others claim that it is the man to man conflict of match play that shows up a player's nerve and ability.

Of these two opinions are right, and therefore it is the golfer who can play both match and medal golf who is the true golfer. Others claim that it is the man to man conflict of match play that shows up a player's nerve and ability.

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American's Rating of Golfers for 1913

Francis Ouimet, Boston.
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Francis Ouimet, Boston.

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Francis Ouimet, Boston.
Francis Ouimet, Boston.

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Lawrence Wins in District League

LAWRENCE, Nov. 26.—Lawrence won the District League championship on Saturday.

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Zbyszko May Wrestle Here in Title Bout

Zbyszko, the mighty Polish wrestler, who is now competing in an open tour, is expected to make his title bout here.

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Hockey Game with Yale Not Accepted

The Harvard hockey management has declined an offer from the Yale hockey team to play a game here.

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WE SPECIALIZE On the Leading Brands Miller's Gamecock Whiskey Miller's Bottled in Bond Whiskey And the Famous BOSTON OPERA CIGARS

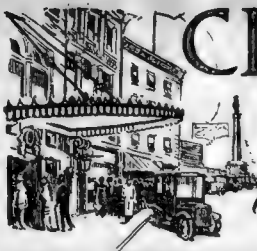
Miller's Gamecock Whiskey
Miller's Bottled in Bond Whiskey
And the Famous
BOSTON OPERA CIGARS

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**SUNDAY
MONTHLY MAGAZINES**

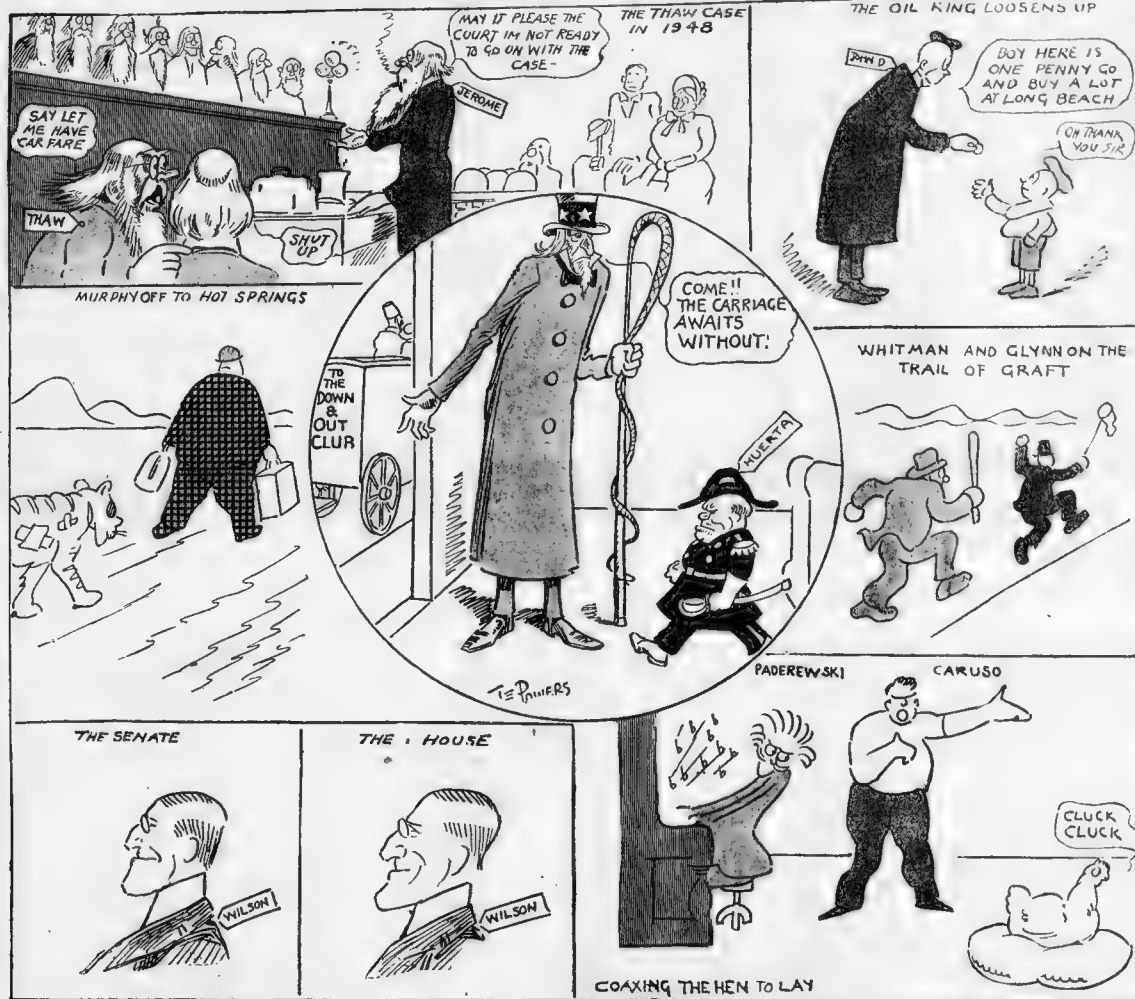


CITY LIFE SECTION
OF THE BOSTON
Sunday American



"I See by the Papers" -- At the Musical Comedy

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Funny Things You Hear—Here and There

We will have to wait for the case to come up before we find out whether the marital smash came because one dropped the other or whether they got so they could see through each other.

her to commit suicide on her honeymoon. It has got so now you can't ask even a small favor of a woman.

And, while we are at it, why not "Ashman's Day," "Sausagemakers Day," "Shoe Clerks' Day," "Stenographers' Day," etc.?

ere's to little kings an' queens,
Drinker do-o o-o-own!"

CURTAIN.

CURTAIN

"must—because I believe in you, because I love you. It's something terrible.

BELLA—What?

ARMINE—It's nothing! He here—just now, I asked him to tell me what my illness was. He said I had been poisoned by a preparation of lead, given in small doses for a long time.

BELLA D.—Poisoned?

ARMINE—Yes.

BELLA—And you believe such a thing?

ARMINE—in such matters Isaacson knows. And then he said a dreadful thing. He said that if I did not go away from you, or Eliza with your knowledge, had done it. Then I told him that if so, I'd put up with it. But he said at first I must let him come to me. Why didn't you tell me you knew he was in Egypt?

ARMINE—but the strangest thing Isaacson said was this; he said he forced you to tell him about your father, to show how I trust you—love you. If there are things I don't understand you'll explain—I know you will.

ARMINE—No, you're right. Tomorrow, tomorrow, I shall tell you all that is in my mind. I love you—you know I love you—come!

BELLA D.—I'm not coming!

ARMINE—Why not? You can't go!

BELLA D.—I'm not coming. So you didn't believe what Isaacson told you?

ARMINE—No.

BELLA D.—You didn't believe what Isaacson told you?

ARMINE—Believe it? I turned him out.

BELLA D.—You fool! You fool, it's true.

ARMINE—Yes.

BELLA D.—It's true, it's true, every word of it! I want to get away—to be free. What do I care for you? I don't care for you. I thought not a feeling or mine that you understand, or that I could have shared with you. No, no, no. I'm chained in it. Chained down to your bloodless ideas of what is right and good and suffering. I am suffering from the weight of light of you. It's true, it's true. I am sick of the great god woman, I want to get away from her. I want to see life as it really is. As we desire it more and more. As it is. What we desire is kind, luxury, and ease and luxury.

ARMINE—What?

BELLA D.—Isaacson drove Staves!

(Bell Donna rushes off stage.)

WALSH TO LAY DOWN LAW TO LEGISLATORS

Will Demand Pledges from Democrats at Extraordinary Meeting Wednesday.

TO OUTLINE HIS MESSAGE

Governor of David I. Walsh will make a formal demand on the Democrats to pledge to the incoming Legislature to adhere strictly to the platform of the party, at an extraordinary meeting of the Legislature, to be held at the Hotel Lincoln next Wednesday afternoon.

At this meeting Governor Walsh intends to open his plea to "make good" to the people of the Commonwealth which he made in his campaign for election.

The meeting will be in many respects unique as well as important. So far as the Democrats are concerned, it will be unprecedented.

Confusion of Plans.

There is at present no plan under consideration for holding such a meeting. It is possible that the Democrats will meet at the Hotel Lincoln on Wednesday night, but it is not certain. The Governor's plan is to hold the meeting on Wednesday afternoon at the Hotel Lincoln.

It is possible that an effort will be made at the meeting to elect the Governor-elect to be held in the speaker's chair. It is possible that the Governor-elect will be elected to the speaker's chair. It is possible that the Governor-elect will be elected to the speaker's chair.

Von Buol Warns of French Hostility

Prince Breaks Silence He Declared He Would Carry to Grave.

BERLIN, Nov. 29.—Prince Bernhard von Battenberg, formerly Imperial Chamberlain, today abandoned the silence he once declared he would maintain even after death. He said that he was in order to warn his countrymen that, whatever his duty to Germany, he was a French patriot.

Aid Jewelers' War on Fake Auctions

"There will be no further action," is the cry of Boston jewelers who have begun a movement to improve their trade. The jewelers have the backing of the city administration and the Boston Police.

PORT OF BOSTON

ARRIVED SATURDAY.
John A. Watson from New York.
ARRIVED SATURDAY.
Maurice J. F. Adams from Philadelphia.
ARRIVED SATURDAY.
Hansbury from Hamburg, Bremen and Amsterdam.
ARRIVED SATURDAY.
Hansbury from Hamburg, Bremen and Amsterdam.
ARRIVED SATURDAY.
Hansbury from Hamburg, Bremen and Amsterdam.

Crew Who Labeled Ship Here Today

Took Advantage of Gale to Force Captain to Sign Bonus Clause.

No Loan for Kiev, Result of Beilis Case

OTHERS, Nov. 29.—Mayor Pickoff of Kiev and two members of the City Council have returned from England and announced the failure of their mission to secure a loan of \$7,000,000.

TO DISCUSS EUGENICS.

"Eugenics" will be discussed by the Baptist ministers at their meeting to be held at the First Baptist Church, Toronto.

PASTOR GOING TO TORONTO.

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DEADLOCKED ON CURRENCY BILL

Democratic Caucus Fails to Agree on Federal Reserve Note Clause.

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City Orchestra to Be Heard Wednesday

First Concert of Season to Be Given in Ford Hall.

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Declares Income Law Is Inadequate

Corporate Measure of 1908 Re-enacted, Says Attorney.

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SCHOOL ROMANCE LEADS TO ALTAR

Miss Mabel Jones, Smith Graduate, Bride of Donald McKay of Amherst.

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Talks on "Catholic Ideals" in Music

Benedict Fitzgerald Lecturer for the Women's League.

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FREE FOR YOUR BABY

Davidson "Feed E-Z" Nipples

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ALL AT ONCE—
A "STOCK-READJUSTMENT" SALE THAT STIRS ALL LINGERING LONELY LOTS
A "CLEAN-UP" SALE THAT SPURS SLOW-PACED LAGGING MERCHANDISE
A "CLEAR-OUT" SALE THAT ACCELERATES ALL HESITATING UNSOLD BALANCES
In fact a CLOSING SALE of all orphaned, faltering, dilatory goods that have been neglected and overlooked—
PRESENTING ROUSING AND UNPRECEDENTED VALUES—Offerings that should bring you here earlier than usual.

ADDED SPACE REQUIRED FOR THE GREAT INFLOX OF HOLIDAY GOODS
Arriving Daily by Trains and Steamers
MORE ROOM MUST BE SECURED AT ONCE
Shepard's Fur and Leather Company
WINTER ST. TEMPLE PL. TREMONT ST.

UNDERMUSLIN WILL WHIRL OUT DURING THIS CLEARANCE SALE
"MARCELLE" Drawers—trimmed elaborately with lace. Nearly all are 24-inch waist measure.
30 Drawers; worth \$2.98. Clearance price..... \$1.50
48 Drawers; worth \$1.50. Clearance price..... 75¢
30 Drawers; worth \$1.00. Clearance price..... 50¢
36 Drawers; worth \$1.00. Clearance price..... 50¢
30 Drawers; worth 50¢. Clearance price..... 25¢

READING



COMIC SECTION OF THE BOSTON AMERICAN November 30, 1913

Jimmy--(Papa Sees Part of the Circus!)

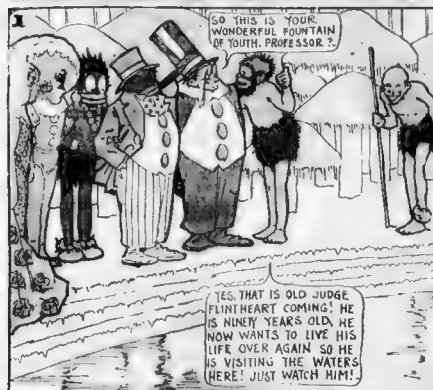
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IN THE WONDERFUL LAND OF DREAMS

Flip Discovers the Wonderful Fountain of Youth.

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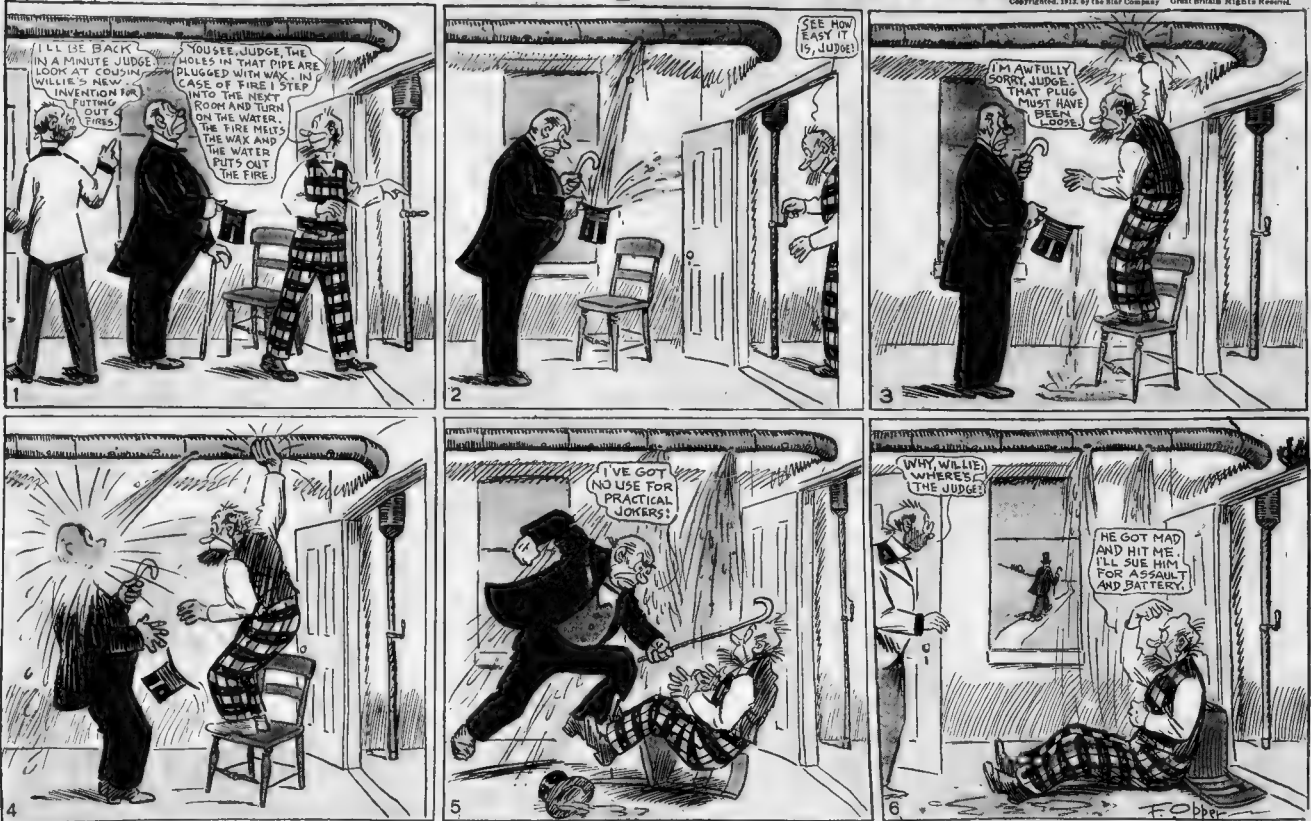


WINNOR MCCAY



Edison Has Nothing on Cousin Willie!

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Eyes Open and Close

Columbia Novelty Co.
Dept. 177,
East Boston, Mass.

RUGBY

Regulation Size Football, made of leather, sturdy and durable. Good for playing on any surface. Write for price and catalogue. Dept. 319, East Boston, Mass. Columbia Novelty Co.

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Christopher Columbus Himself will Visit the Panama Exposition:



The Landing of Columbus—By Puebla.

The Earthly Remains of the Discoverer of America to Be Exhibited at the Great San Francisco World's Fair



Contemporary Portrait of Christopher Columbus.

ONE of the most interesting features of the great Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco will be the bones of Christopher Columbus himself.

Thus the mortal remains of the discoverer of America, fittingly honored and guarded, will be present at the celebration of the opening of the Panama Canal, the most momentous event in Central America since the discovery of our continent.

There has been considerable controversy as to whether the ancient casket lying in San Domingo Cathedral and bearing the name of Columbus really contained his bones. The exposition commissioners conducted a careful inquiry into the subject, and were satisfied that these were the discoverer's bones. They obtained the consent of the Republic of San Domingo to borrow them during the Exposition, and then carried them away to San Francisco.

The facts ascertained in the course of this investigation are here summarized. Columbus died on May 21, 1506, at Valladolid, in Spain. He was buried in the Franciscan convent there. Three years later his body was taken to the Carthusian Convent at Santa Maria de las Cuevas, in Sevilla. In the will which he made just before his death Columbus expressed a wish to be laid to rest in the island of Hayti, or Hispaniola, where he had established the first settlement. Forty years later this wish was carried out. Documents which have been preserved show that the bones of the admiral were deposited in 1549 under the altar of the Cathedral of San Domingo, in Hayti.

When, by the terms of the treaty of Basel, signed in 1765 the eastern half of the island was ceded to France, a leaden coffin with no mark on it to indicate whose

body it contained was removed from the right side of the altar of the Cathedral of San Domingo and transferred to the Cathedral of Havana, then in Spanish territory, and reinterred there on January 19, 1796. Here arises the crucial point in the controversy, for it is asserted that the bones then removed were not those of Columbus himself, but those of his son Diego, who was also buried at San Domingo.

Early in the nineteenth century the island of Hayti became independent, and was divided into two republics, one known as Hayti and the other as San Domingo. On September 10, 1877, while a new floor was being laid in the Cathedral of San Domingo, the workmen came across a small chamber between the wall and the vault from which the Spaniards had removed the casket in 1796. In this chamber was found an ancient leaden casket containing human bones.

From the inscriptions on the coffin it was evident that the Spaniards in 1795 had not removed the remains of the discoverer, but those of his son Diego. A later investigation was made by the officials of San Domingo on January 21, 1891, in the presence of the foreign consuls, and confirmed the view that the bones of Columbus were actually here. The evidence to this effect has satisfied the commissioners of the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

Spain, however, continued to assert that she possessed the bones of Columbus at Havana. On New Year's Day, 1899, the Spanish flag was hauled down in the capital of Cuba, and the Stars and Stripes hoisted in its place. The descendants of the early conquistadors did not wish to leave the remains of the great discoverer, "who once gave a new world to the kingdoms of Leon and Castille," in the hands

of those who had driven them out of their last stronghold.

Shall and proudly the Spaniards conveyed the supposed bones of Columbus from the cathedral to the warship Cifrales. On January 19 the ship arrived at Sevilla amid the thundering salutes of the batteries on shore. The authorities solemnly received the sarcophagus and transferred it to the cathedral, where a requiem mass was sung.

It was then interred in a magnificent tomb of colored bronze. Four crowned heraldic figures representing the four ancient kingdoms from which Spain was formed bore aloft the sarcophagus. The Spaniards still cherish the fond illusion that they possess the bones of Columbus, and the tomb constantly visited by tourists and others.

In gathering evidence relating to the bones of Columbus the commissioners were greatly impressed by the historical interest of San Domingo. The island of Hayti is very closely bound up with the history of Columbus. In December, 1492, on his first voyage to America, after he had turned his course homeward, he sighted this island, which he called Hispaniola (Little Spain). He penetrated into the interior, where he planted a wooden cross on Santo Cerro (Holy Hill).

In 1494 Columbus began the settlement of the island. His brother and son were associated with him. The present capital, San Domingo, was founded in 1499. It is the oldest Christian city in the New World. The bishopric established in 1575 is the mother see of all Spanish America.

The present cathedral, finished in 1549, is the oldest church in America. Here is still reverently preserved a fragment of the cross which Columbus set up on Santo Cerro, and about which miraculous legends have grown up in the course of four centuries. The chapel in which Columbus and several of his kinsmen were buried is a very beautiful and remarkable specimen of Spanish Gothic architecture. It is the only work of this character in the two Americas, and was erected at a time when Gothic was nearly extinct in Europe.

Columbus lived for many years on the island, and was here imprisoned by his enemies. From San Domingo he set out on his last voyage to Spain. The palace which he occupied and the prison in which he was lodged are among the many interesting buildings now shown in San Domingo. There is no doubt that this remarkable old city still contains much that would contribute to the history of the discoverer of America.

There are extensive gold mines in the interior, and Spain derived much of her gold from here, Francis Drake sacked

San Domingo in 1586. In the next century it became the resort of French buccaniers, and this was made the basis of a French claim of sovereignty. The English also made several attempts to occupy the island on account of the mahogany it contained.

The peculiar variety known as San Domingo mahogany is now very valuable, and it is said that no fresh supplies can be obtained.

The Panama Exposition may be the means of calling attention to one of the most interesting and neglected countries in the New World.



The Casket Containing the Bones of Columbus Taken to the Panama Pacific Exposition.



The Magnificent Tomb in Sevilla Cathedral, Spain, Where the Discoverer's Bones Are Reverently Held to Be.

"THREE WEEKS" A SWIFTER LOVE DRAMA IN REAL LIFE THAN ELINOR GLYN'S

How a Talented but Fickle Grand Opera Leader and a Simple Little Singer Broke Elinor Glyn's Feverish Record by Just Seven Days.

A NEW YORK divorce court has recently broken Elinor Glyn's record. The author of "Three Weeks" sets back breathless and watches a plump little girl of eighteen passing under the wire full seven days ahead of the mysterious and irresistible queen of Mrs. Glyn's imagination. Truth is not only stranger than fiction, but in this instance is a third swifter.

Miss Edna Richardson met, was wooed, was won and married her hero and lost him all in two weeks, and Miss Richardson is only a little village maid from "Up York State." Of course, Mrs. Glyn's hero and heroine never married—but that's not the point. When Mrs. Glyn conceived the tragedy that ended one life and married another, all the events which led to the unhappy denouement occurring in three weeks, middle aged, unromantic folks raised their shoulders and pook pooked. "Love was never as swift as that," they said.

"It's quite impossible," they repeated. "Why do people write such foolish tales?" Yet here, a tiny, dark eyed, laughing maid from "Up York State" telling a true tale in a divorce court that makes "Three Weeks" seem a freight train as compared with the Twentieth Century Limited.

It happened in Newark, a town rendered romantic by the folks who visit it rather than those who there reside. Edna Richardson paid a visit there, but that is a fact more or less immaterial, for Edna was only sixteen. Her mother, chaperoning her, called her "little girl." Edna's skirts grazed her bare toes by a good inch or more, revealing a plump, yet slender pair—well, never mind. The brevity of her skirts was a small matter, but her eyes mattered a great deal. They were large and dark and set far apart, seemed to dream strange dreams. She smiled a great deal, revealing two rows of extremely attractive teeth. Still she was only a little girl, and her mother told of the dolls she had left behind in the up-State village.

Quite a different sort of person entered Newark by way of one of its railway stations the same week. Some of its citizens recalling him say it would have been more fitting had he stepped down in an aeroplane. His name was Brahman Vanderberg, and he is the Belgian musical conductor of the Aborn Opera Company. He literally jumped off the train, ran to his hotel, and told the startled clerk he wanted a front room, second floor, with bath. 7 o'clock call in the morning, breakfast in his room, charge to the Aborn Company. In the time an ordinary individual would

have consumed in saying "Good morning," it was characteristic of Brahman Vanderberg that he walked fast, talked rapidly, always acted as though he was whipping him and urging "Faster, faster," and so quite of course he made his love rapidly when the occasion warranted it. He had not been in the hotel five minutes before he started as though catapulted to the theatre for rehearsal. Arriving there he rapped the trilling with his baton and shouted, "Ready, Begin!"

When the rehearsal was finished a member of the company came from the stage and greeted two friends who had been listening in the shadows of the auditorium.

"Let me introduce you to my little friend, Miss Richardson. Edna, this is the great Mr. Brahman Vanderberg, our musical director."

Miss Richardson saw a little foreign looking man with dark hair mixed with gray and a tiny moustache so tightly waxed that it seemed to fall his lips upward. She thought him "a very funny looking little man, with eyes that seemed to burn a hole through one." He saw in her a half child, half divinity. She told a friend her impression of him days afterward. He told her his impression within five minutes after they had met.

"You were sitting back there, ten yards from me and I did not know, 'Mon Dieu.' How cruel," cried Brahman Vanderberg. "I was lonely. Mamma was with me," was the divinity's answer.

"Mamma! Ah, yes. Permit me the honor, Madama!" He tried to kiss Mrs. Richardson's hand, but she drew it away and frowned. Mrs. Richardson is not a cosmopolitan and has no patience with "such silly foreign antics."

But the Belgian secured Edna's hand, and after he had kissed it, he pressed it so long that a blush rose to her cheek. "A blush as lovely as the first flush of rose at dawn," he told her.

"The fellow began making love to Edna, right there under my nose without a 'By your leave,' Mrs. Richardson said afterward to confiding neighbors.

That evening the company was invited to a dinner. The musical conductor escorted the little girl from the country and fastened his eyes upon her beauty with such amazing concentration that the toastmaster had to call his name three times when he wanted a speech from "the Belgian genius."

The next day he sent her flowers and scrawled on his cards were the words, "Miss Adorata." He called to take her for a drive, but her mother, meeting him with a belligerent air and flashing eyes, said:

"My little girl has a headache. Please go away." "Good teaches a man invention. He persuaded the manager of the company to offer 'that beautiful little American who can sing like an angel,' a small part in the opera. They were rehearsing "The Chimes of Normandy." Little Edna Richardson



Mrs. Vanderberg When She Was Simple Little Edna Richardson

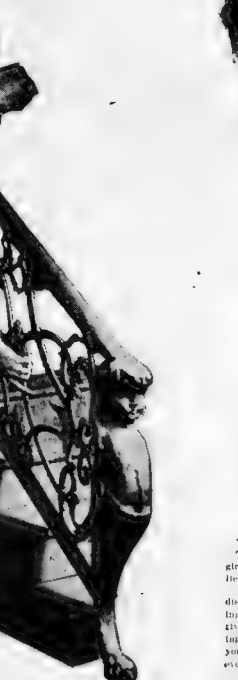
carried a bouquet and curtseied. The manager said she was "well enough." The musical director exclaimed:

"My dear girl, she is divine!" Said the beardless stage manager: "Brahman, you are old enough to know better. You are acting like a fool about that girl. Are you going crazy?"

"What do you think?" complained the adoring lover to his child fiancée, "that rude man interrupts me when I am thinking of you, Edna. When thinking of you!" That is quite as uncouth as though I were talking with you. I want to remain undisturbed. My thoughts of you must not be profaned by a shout from his raucous voice."

The home office was as rude as the stage manager. It "fired" the orchestra leader for intention to duty, but it did not banish him. It couldn't while little Miss Richardson remained in "The Chimes of Normandy." The theatre being within an enclosed park, the representative of the type of "sweet sixteen," whenever she opened one of its gates, always saw her elderly suitor peering through the gate, his eyes burning, his small talon like hands

toning her kisses. On the third day after Vanderberg met Miss Edna, he proposed at a restaurant table, and when she said: "I don't know. Maybe some day." He replied, "Some day? My cruel angel, do you not see I am dying for you? Let us go to the City Hall and be married instantly—at once—now!" "But why?"



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Reading Hall Caine's Fortune in His Hand

HALL CAINE, the famous novelist, author of "The Woman in Green," "The Headless Horseman," and other widely read books, recently had his palm read by C. W. Childs, a celebrated English palmist who has made a special study of the hands of famous men. Mr. Childs found Mr. Caine's hand decidedly square in shape, strongly marked with veins and with the finger tips nicely rounded and the flesh flexible, fresh-colored and of fine texture. These features, Mr. Childs says, show that the novelist is possessed of marked taste for study and intellectual pursuits, exceptional refinement and idealism, good memory, rare versatility and power of application, and an enormous capacity for work.



constructive ability, while the length and depth of the line of heart denotes abundant intelligence and the possession of a very vigorous brain. The forehead, which stands as a sentinel revealing the qualities which enable the subject to keep in check his passions and an extremely sensitive and retiring disposition.

The long, slender second (Saturn) finger bears witness to wisdom and sobriety. The modest third (Apollo) indicates an entire absence of vanity, while the powerful fourth (Mercury) bespeaks the matchless writer, the shrewd observer, the keen student of human nature, and the diligent worker. The many fine lines ascending the hand testify to an unusually active and successful life.

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An Autographed Photograph of the Impression of Hall Caine's Hand.

First Steps Already Taken for the Post-Office to Run the

Telegraph and Telephone Business and Reduce the Cost as the Cheap Parcels Post Has Done

Thus it would seem that government ownership of telephone lines must be of far greater importance in the long run than government ownership of the telegraphs. At the same time it is likely that the telegraph will always be cheaper than

People in the United States pay from two to three times as much for telephone service as is charged in Germany. This statement applies, however, only to local calls. For long-distance calls we pay eight times as much. This interurban service is the 'big graft' in our country, yielding a preposterously large profit to the com-

The Boat Which Carries a Crew

the Yukon River, Making Repairs to the Owned Telegraph and Cable Companies. Here it costs six-tenths of a cent per measured mile for telephoning over long distances. In Germany one may have three minutes' conversation over a distance of 700 miles for 48 cents. In the United States this would cost \$4.20. The rate for long distance telephone service are about half of ours.

One reason why telephoning costs so much more in this country than abroad is that we use almost exclusively the so-called "manual" system, which refuses the help of mechanical devices. Such devices, which make connections automatically,

which make connections, etc., automatically, effect a great saving in labor and expense. They are now beginning to be used in the State of Ohio.

It is beyond question that telephones are destined in the future

phones are destined in the future to develop much faster than telegraphs. For purposes of communication they are vastly more efficient and they are more generally useful. Anybody can use the telephone while a special education is demanded to enable one to use a telegraphic instrument. The telephone is instantaneous, and the user does not have to wait for an answer. We cannot look forward to the time when there will be a telegraph instrument in every man's house whereas the telephone already is in

whereas the telephone already is installed in most residences, as well as in practically all business houses.

the people at a very cheap rate. It is even now affording a new object lesson in this line, through the recent establishment of a parcel post which is taking the express business of the country out of the hands of the robber express companies, whose profits described in a Congressional report as "utterly egregious and out of all proportion to investment," have been derived from charges averaging five times the regular freight rates of the railroads employed to transport the goods.

why the government should not accomplish for the telegraph and telephone services what it already does for the mails, with a corresponding reduction of cost to the people. A few years from now when anybody wants to send a telegram he will go to the nearest post office or branch post office for the purpose (just as people do at the present time in England), or perhaps he will telegraph his message over the wire. The telephone exchanges will be moved into

the telegraph and the telephone, will be, a few years from now, properly organized as such, and placed under the control of the government, so that, like the mails to-day, they will be equally at the service of all the people at a minimum cost. In taking over the Washington-Alaska telegraph system the Post Office Department will make its first step toward one of the most important reforms ever accomplished in the management of the nation's affairs.

and Her Stealthy, Snakelike Arms

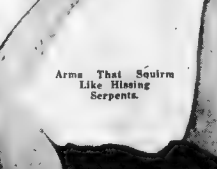
done, there emerge, stealthily, and with snake-like creepiness, a pair of arms. First the hands—for all the world like the heads of two snakes, with two rings on each—for the glassy eyes, the fingers cramped into the form of the long heads. Then slowly the arms reach out full length, as a serpent erect holds itself in the sun, and—therein—submerge.

y people while admit-
y dread and abhor
that they are fascin-
and Milo Hoshanara's
ch that effect. There
charm about it. You
is women has arms,
pe are the two snakes
from the armholes or
paching out hungrily
urther, up and down,
d about, first high over
snake glides from the



Arms That Squirrel Like Hissing Snakes

of the tree trunk to crush the artistic.



Arms That Squirm
Like Hissing
Serpents.

It Seems as Though a Snake Itself Were Writhing About.



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At One Stroke She Solved the Problem of Living Apart, Supporting Herself and Humiliating Mr. Sheffield

THE STORY OF MY LIFE

By Evelyn Thaw

Tenth Instalment of the Most Extraordinary Human Document Ever
Written—Stranger Than Any Story in Fiction or Drama

Interesting Comments by Clergymen.

By Rev. MARY T. CHAPIN,
Pastor New Thought Church

I BELIEVE in saving all girls. Every soul is worth saving. While I believe that beauty and integrity are the ideals and pictures to be held steadily before the mind, yet it is well to show the direction of the pitfall. That the story of Evelyn Thaw's life, told by herself, is a warning. Too often what we call innocence is merely ignorance. Ignorance should be banished. The autobiography of this young person certainly banishes ignorance of the means of misleading young women in great cities.

By Dr. RUDOLPH GROSSMAN,
Pastor Temple Beth-El

I DO not believe in keeping our girls in ignorance. I hail with joy any movement toward spreading knowledge of the dangers that beset youth, if it be done so that it serves as a warning and help.

The life story of Evelyn Thaw, like the special play, "Damaged Goods," may serve the same purpose of warning. I earnestly believe in the propaganda of information that will warn youth, if the means be kept within certain restrictions of discretion and taste.

Chapter X.—With Harry in Matteawan Evelyn Thaw Begins a Strange Existence as the Wife of an Imprisoned Lunatic

Written by Evelyn Nesbit Thaw.

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It was morning at last. The jury had been in conference all night and the news flew about that the jury was ready to come into court.

Thus run my notes of the final hours of the Thaw trial. Let me quote a few more paragraphs from the memoranda I made at that time:

During the early hours there was a constant gathering of people in the streets leading to the court buildings, particularly near the Justice of the Peace. A big force of police failed to keep the crowd moving on.

When Harry was called to the bar today he entered with a quick stride. His eyes were bright, and in his arms he carried half a dozen morning newspapers, which he had been reading. He was in better condition physically than any other person connected with the trial. The dejection he betrayed on leaving the court last night had gone. Last night, while waiting for the expected verdict, he was the jolliest member of the party. He bowed graciously to his mother, to me, his sisters, the Countess of Yarmouth and Mrs. Carnegie, and his brothers, Edward and Josiah, and then, turning to his counsel, entered into a brisk conversation with them.

The jury disagreed. That is all.

Hollow-eyed, men, too tired almost to talk, came blinking into the court, red-eyed, husky, shaking. I think I knew they had disagreed. It was common knowledge that they were divided.

Oh, well—there must be another trial, possibly yet another. The story told all over again, perhaps with greater wealth of detail. For myself I had ceased to be horror-stricken. I was now getting to the limits of boredom.

And yet behind all this was Harry's life. I told myself as much a hundred times. Harry, who was my husband; Harry, who by his inconsistency was but too guileful and deadly. Whether I loved Harry or not then or before is of no great concern to any body. If love is sacrifice, then be sure I loved him; but there are other instincts besides love which induce living. There is that innate sense of justice with which I was born, a sense of loyalty which has ever been mine, a faith in the genuineness of his desire to serve me, however unadvised might be the way he chose.

None the less, the formality of denying this innuendo or admitting the truth of that suggestion had ceased to hold novelty or excitement for me. I wanted a change. I would have welcomed the most strenuous issue with the lawyers providing they would take a new line—prominently new charges and introduce into the dreary atmosphere which was mine, something electrical to startle me to interest.

I do not understand even now on what point the jury split. It was enough that they disagreed, and that the worst end of the trial was avoided. Harry was bitterly disappointed.

"If there is justice in the State I shall be acquitted," he had said to the reporter, and this view was shared by the family. I confess I was relieved by the disagreement. Even then I had few illusions, and certainly none that murder was anything but murder, or that a jury who had before it the undisputed evidence of the killing of one man by another could come to any conclusion that the bare facts as stated and uncontested were true. Nobody ever questioned the fact that on a certain evening Harry had shot dead Stanford White.

Whether he was insane at the moment was the only question for decision. To anticipate a verdict of "not guilty" without the rider as to his insanity was unthinkable, yet Harry did expect that, and so also did his people.

Harry was terribly depressed. The disappointment left him flaccid and bewildered. His optimism had not been shared by his counsel, and while the alienists—that young army of lunacy experts—had taken a view that a verdict in which his murder was established would be returned, Harry had not shared their enthusiasm. For he was satisfied that his fellow countrymen would have given him a more triumphant exit.

Truxton Beale had been so acquitted on the Pacific slope. Truxton Beale had killed a man, and had received the pardon which a California jury accorded him amid demonstrations and public approval.

Harry's interest in this case had been largely responsible for the murder. Mr. Beale, it may be remembered, was with us on the night of the murder. In Harry's eyes he was little short of a hero, and I do not doubt in my own mind that the events which

had led to and had followed Mr. Beale's acquittal were as much responsible for the crime as any.

The "exaggerated ego" to which reference had been made in the course of the trial was a very important factor in all that Harry did. The world revolved around him.

"I am Harry Thaw, of Pittsburgh!" was the dramatic announcement he had made to me on our meeting, and in these words he told me all that I knew about him. His self-importance was phenomenal, and he was talkative on the subject of his own virtues.

If Harry Thaw were sane his character was the most complex that I have ever examined. Had he grafted to his eccentric habits of thought a creative faculty he would have been a genius. I have observed that men who have the eccentricities of genius and none of its quality are sure enough insane folk. Examine Harry Thaw's actions and see how much it lacked balance.

Up to Me to Prove Harry Mad.

1. He himself was tinged with peculiarities in his relationships with others.

2. He is filled with horror at the crimes of Stanford White.

3. To shield me he agrees with his family that the past should be a closed book.

4. To justify his hatred for White he keeps the book open.

5. To revenge himself on White and because he feared him, he kills him.

6. He takes this final step, not for the wrong which I have suffered, but because he is inspired by a similar shooting, which left the murderer a popular hero. (Truxton Beale.)

7. To save himself he plays his trump card—my life as a child in every terrible detail. He boasts to the reporters as one preparing them for a great treat—that they will have a story from me such as has never been told.

It is not my wish to follow the weary procession of trials and commissions in lunacy which was so mad Harry in an insane

Here was the case over and with no further advance toward a solution than had been made before the opening day of the trial.

I have observed that men are very sympathetic to sick women only they do not believe that we ever get sick. This is a peculiar fact which has application to me. Everybody thought that I had conducted myself splendidly during the trial. I was "brave little Evelyn" and wonderful girl. A reputation for courage is the hardest reputation to uphold on the battlefield. There had been times when I was near to breaking down.

I was a sick woman, mentally and physically, and nobody seemed to realize the strain I had undergone—nobody except a few of those good friends who had stood by me in my darkest hours and understood me well enough to know how bitter was the ordeal through which I was passing. People would have been sympathetic—I do not doubt—if they had known I needed sympathy, but as sympathy must come spontaneously in obedience to an instinct to be of any value, such expressions I received were not very impressive.

There were other trials ahead. I was quite a lawyer now. I knew the rules of the game. I saw the ponderous machinery of it, the aged egos and flywheels that were so immovable in appearance as to suggest that they had no functions, save to add to the illusion of complication.

That those trials came to you know. Criminal trial, examinations in lunacy—an age of litigation so seemed; a whole life time spent in the choking environment of the courts. I learned my way to the Tomb. It was as familiar a road as I have ever trod. I learned the routines of prison, the faces of wardens, the situation of the cells.

Gradually the centre of gravity was being changed. The question as to whether Harry killed Stanford White or not was all beside the point.

We never thought about that. We were engaged in the pursuit of a new quest, the elucidation of a greater problem. "Was Harry a sane man? Was he a madman only on that night of terror? A monument of convenience, one of the opposition counsel described our pleading; another spoke of our "supreme

outburst of my life will judge whether I did my duty and in what trying circumstances I so performed it. To be silent or to be jeopardised his life; to tell the truth saved it.

It was folly to juggle with such big issues. Neither I nor any other could contrive an unimpaired legal fiddle that a man could make use of all his life and a inmate for the space of three minutes. We had hoped for, and had counted on a verdict of "not guilty." We had persuaded ourselves that sentiment would rise superior to reasoning, that the "unwritten law" would carry my husband to liberty, and we had failed; we had to make the best of a bad job. When the trial began, I had taken off my gloves and handled the truth, however unwelcome it was, without hesitation and without fear. This was no time to resume the gloves and mince with vital fact.

I saw Harry almost daily save for the time when considerations of health took me on a short vacation. He was his own consistent self. Now in his most exalted mood, full of cheer, optimistic, almost jovial. Now in the depths of despair, ready for death, bitter, reproachful, self-pitying.

These discussions of his sanity were terribly humiliating, but only at intervals did he recognize the humiliation. To go into such an adventure in a high spirit, with all the illusions of civility which were his, and after an achievement which he could not fail to regard as an act or sacrifice, to have the state of his mind inquired into, was a ridiculous dash to his sublimity.

There are people who invent all manner of stories as to why I gradually drifted apart from Harry. There is no ignoble cause which they have not adduced. That was starveling over money, that he was jealous, that I neglected him, that there was some mysterious source of disagreement which the trial had not revealed. All these have been put forward by speculators in truth, that the rift showed during the days of lunacy hearings. We were not estranged then. Indeed, we had many happy days together, even after he was committed to the asylum. But I saw the beginning of the end, and what is more, I recognised that it was indeed the end of my love for Harry Thaw.

In those days of anxiety I had many friends—rumor credits me with more than I possessed, but rumor is a willing creditor. There were friends who gave in a night from mere acquaintance. My mail bag was packed every morning with letters and cablegrams from people whom I had never heard of. My affairs were everybody's affairs and the temptation to offer advice which carried no responsibility to the adviser were irresistible. There were letters from people who wanted to help me, letters from good folk who prayed for me—a long training as a prayer subject gave me a kindness of certain favor—letters from men and women who desired my autograph, my photograph, my clothes, and letters from folk who desired to give.

Prominent Men Fearful of Exposure.

I know it is the pose of people who find themselves placed as I was placed that such letters are a nuisance. To me many of these letters, written by warm-hearted and unknown friends, were a source of encouragement and strength. My own countrymen and countrywomen were with me in that tragic period of my life, and I would be the veriest power to pretend that this knowledge was not immensely helpful. It will serve no useful purpose to reproduce the letters here, but I give this one in order to indicate the direction in which public feeling went:

Dear Madam.

I have not the pleasure of knowing you, but feel that I must sit down and write you. Have followed the course of these long trials closely, and realize the extent of your courage and devotion to Harry S. Thaw. Without going into the merits of the case, I appreciate, and I am sure all my fellow citizens appreciate, the terrible ordeal which you are passing, and I feel it a duty, as one holding public office, to express to you on behalf of my friends and myself, a sense of our admiration.

Faithfully,
Mayor.

This is a representative letter. They came from every grade of society, and were in striking contrast to the outpouring of the vicious and decadent men against whose calumny I had to contend. The distinction between fame and notoriety is to be found in the character of the stories which are launched concerning the subject. Those of my friends who thought well of me placed me amongst the immortals, to my embarrassment, and such inventions as were made, such anecdotes as were created, were eminently flattering. To a jaundiced section, who drew unkindly conclusions from the data to hand, it was less than pleasant, and the



Matteawan Insane Asylum, Which Harry Thaw Has Made Famous All Over the World.

asylum—for me it was a most terrible ordeal. However satisfied I might be with my ability to face judges, juries and attorneys, it would be absurd to state the constant strain of the fight told on me.

Somebody once asked me whether I spoke the truth throughout all those examinations. From any but the person who called that question would have been an impertinence. I spoke the truth—every word of it. If I willfully suppressed facts they were facts which would have told against Harry. He was not giving me the happiest time; he was moody and hateful sometimes, insistent upon my appreciation of the fact that he had done everything for me. I was not sufficiently grateful for the sacrifice he had made—me, Harry Thaw, of Pittsburgh. He had killed the man for my sake—he had faced death for me, and I was not grateful.

Heaven knows I tried to argue him to a normal condition of mind. I tried to point out to him what future there were upon my gratitude. I could have told him of the sacrifice I had made to save him from the consequence of his mad act, but I had little to urge on his own behalf. The socialist abhors egotism in others—it is his pet abomination.

But I must return to the thread of my narrative. Harry Thaw was still a prisoner and his future was uncertain—and what of my own future?

audacity" in urging the plea we did.

Wrangle on wrangle, showers of mud darkening the air, long and wearisome periods of dull verbiage, a never-ending tramp from the body of the court to the witness stand and back again—these are the impressions I retain of those months—or were they years?—of inquiry which preceded the issue of a dictum that Harry was mad all the time and must go to an insane asylum.

We had saved his life, and we had done that which it was right to do, but in doing what I did I incurred the resentment, and eventually, the hatred of my husband. To save his life we must prove him mad; to prove him mad I must adopt an attitude which was tacitly hostile to him; I must tell stories of our association which lashed him to fury. I must give to the world stories which I have locked in my own bosom. No other evidence could be so convincing as mine. Actualities will always succeed against hypotheses, and my experience with Harry carried more conviction than much of the medical evidence.

Not only must I antagonize Harry, but I must earn the scowling disapproval of the whole Thaw family and lay the foundation for a complete estrangement, for it must be remembered that the Thaws "have a certain position in society to uphold," and no new story of Harry's eccentricities could succeed with the appointed arbiters of his fate unless it also brought his name into contempt. Here was my position, and the impartial observer standing

stories that found currency were rather awful. But they came with a certain confidence of mind to meet them, and they have made none or no impression.

Like some one else, I had been flattered by experts, and the amateur efforts of lesser people left me unmoved. I have profited of a man holding quite as important position in his professional opinion as I am, but a man who would take that course of advertising his powers of fascination would die any day. There were bitter attacks upon me from many quarters, but that was to be expected. Harry's act and the trial that followed revealed some of the dark spots in the life of New York's fashionable men. While was alone in his depravity, he was merely the central figure of a vicious circle. The murder which shocked America shocked to a great extent a few Americans, and some there were who found it convenient to leave the country on a visit to Europe. Some stayed on and spent every effort to discredit me, because by discrediting me they might weaken any evidence I might offer against them.

I had no talent of moving against them or of dragging their names into the case, but they did not know that, and they were the people who invested and circulated all that innuendo could derive to my discredit. For years afterward I found myself coming against these stories. I found that they were believed, and that no explanation or denial of mine could shake the credulity

Evelyn Thaw's Own Frank Revelations of Her Kaleidoscopic Career Which Touched Life at All Points--The Innocent Little Beauty Who Almost Starved to Death Forlorn Poverty and Suddenly Burst Into the Most Brilliant Star That Ever Illuminated New York's Gay World

people who believed in them. People would say in their anger: "Oh, yes—but that is all past now—don't let us think of it."

There was no more exasperating experience than to be for an offense which one has not committed. Then there were people who had less cause to do me injury, and from senseless desire for notoriety, or in a spirit of "fun," a great deal of annoyance—more annoyance, indeed, than any of the inventors of diabolical "incidents" had ever caused me.



Thaw Sketched at Mattewan by Evelyn Nesbit.

husband's parents could not to buy itself not with shilly and depression at his mood, but with an entire mind. Harry pointed out here should be a new wing with special accommodations for distinguished guests. There should have a new up-to-date equipment, the rooms were not large enough; there was a pressing need of a complete lavatory and some efficient landscaping would make the place much more attractive.

hardly possible to describe the effect of that momentous upon myself, upon Harry, upon all of those deeply concerned. It was like being dropped over the edge of a precipice of steel, leave dread, not to be shattered to pieces on the blow, but to find one's self floundering in a morass. Minds had remained keen and vigilant during the long and vital struggle related. Both armies—that of the prosecution as that of the defense—were in a state of disorderly retreat. Their leaders' will apparently "wood gathering"—which was just as well, as, for the time being, at least, the war was over.

My Ego Soars to Great Heights.

My ego, I, the wife, had "saved Harry Thaw." So every one seemed to think of all. Doubtless many would consider was warranted in feeling deep satisfaction over that momentous utterance to the effect that no wife had ever made sacrifices or deserved greater rewards. Truly, the sacrifice had been made, and perhaps they might yield some part of sympathy they merited, but in the meantime I found myself lost in the morass, from which I could see no prospect of escape.

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less of a sensation elsewhere—and Harry revelled in his undisturbed occupation of the centre of the stage. In charge of his guards, and entirely surrounded by lawyers, friends and newspaper reporters, he presented the reverse of the picture of Napoleon on the deck of the *Bellarophon* en route to St. Helena. Any one among the spectators not acquainted with the facts might reasonably have supposed him to be a popular idol whose service to mankind were about to be officially recognized. With a cigar in his teeth, his eyes bulging, he talked incessantly in much the vein indicated above, to any and all of his applauding retinue. The guards were considerate—naturally. Their celebrated charge might exploit himself to his heart's content; neither were they so mean-spirited as not to join in the general applause. There were incidents marking the usual delay at Fiskhill Island, long amply calculated to increase my apprehensions regarding Harry's mental condition—and, incidentally, the fresh problems looming on his wife's horizon. He chewed his cigar still more energetically, his eyes bulged still further from their sockets, and his utterances had increased in extravagance. And—regret that candor obliges me to add—the sympathetic guards permitted an indulgence in refreshments that was unwise, to say the least. To quote an enthusiastic and graphic newspaper reporter:

"Harry and the whole party left Fiskhill Landing soaked to their eyeballs."

The arrival at Mattewan was rather late in the evening. Considering the condition of the prisoner and most of the party, it will be imagined that the breaking up of the celebration was proposed and rather trying to the authorities. Harry, however, saw the outer doors close upon him without the slightest statement of his extravagant self-confidence. I learned upon a subsequent visit to the institution—I made these visits frequently for quite a long time—that he kept poor Dr. Lamb, the superintendent, up nearly all night, assuring him of his (Harry's) distinguished consideration, and regretting that he would leave so soon.

The situation within the walls of the asylum for several days was not one upon which to build any hopes about Harry. The whole place was an indescribable babel of excitement, largely sympathetic for Harry, and respectful toward those who had placed him there. In short, the new inmate found himself even more of a hero within those walls than he had been outside. Scores of the prisoners were victims of paranoia, and, consequently, intensely active mentally in their deluded way, had learned of the verdict in advance of Harry's arrival, and were prepared to give him a fitting welcome. The next morning they literally swarmed about him, giving him an opportunity which he did not neglect, to go over all the points of his "case" and show how easily he would "buffalo" the lawyers and free himself.

Harry Thaw's Actions Justify Verdict.

Like all the rest of the world, these peculiarly deluded creatures were obsessed with the Harry Thaw idea. He was the commanding figure in the great multitude of victims of the Thaw's absurdities, including themselves. They paid him homage exaggerated most unwholesomely by the very nature of their insanity. There could be, and was, but one effect upon Harry—to cause him in his speech and action to more and more justify the verdict which had placed him in such company.

Of course, this condition of things was permitted to last only a short time. The enthusiasm of a Chinese prisoner—a New York Chinatown murderer whose name I disremember—elevated him to the position of leader of Harry's paranoiac audience. He organized forces within the prison and assured them that the very shortly an army "eighty thousand strong," mobilized by his orders would march upon the Mattewan Bastille and level it to the ground—unless their distinguished comrade were promptly set at liberty. There is little doubt that, at this time, Harry was quite as mad as the rest of them. Fortunately, for him, the superintendent was now ready to give him steady employment of a kind to occupy his mind in other directions. He was given the position of librarian of the asylum—a happy choice, it flattered Harry's opinion of his own literary accomplishments and kept him busy in a congenial way.

My next visit found him calmer—but his habitual, familiar belief in his genius for improving upon all of the achievements of mankind was still as much magnificent as ever. His paranoiac caused his brain to busy itself not with melancholy and depression at his confinement, but with an exaltation of mind. Dr. Lamb found himself constantly buttonholed and harassed about the need of various improvements. Harry pointed out that there should be a new wing built with special accommodations for distinguished guests. The kitchen should have a new set of up-to-date equipment, the dining rooms were not large and airy enough, there was a pressing need of a complete lavatory—and some efficient landscape gardening would make the premises much more attractive.

Harry was treated with every consideration. He had a room of his own and every reasonable comfort. Whenever I visited the asylum he was granted every facility for meeting me without the distracting presence of outsiders, both within the building and outside. I was with him quite alone for hours at a time. Occasionally his wardens treated him to pleasant motor trips about the country.

Gradually, as Harry's improvement suggested possibilities of his eventual release, I managed to shoulder a bit nearer to the shore of the morass into which the insanity verdict had plunged me. I still loved Harry—I was sorry for him, and pity retained love even as it creases it. Although he had consistently requested to show appreciation for my sacrifices and my efforts to have him restored to liberty, I knew that I retained his affection, emphatically. It he should be freed, the attitude of the rest of the Thaw family toward me would be comparatively small consequence.

It was impossible in existing circumstances for any hopes or expectations to pursue an even tenor. The verdict of a trial jury and powerful influences were against us. There were moments when all the old love and comradeship which had been ours in the halcyon days of our association rekindled, and I have recollections of happy, as well as most unhappy, moments amid the grim and dreary surroundings of Mattewan.

Probably you are asking the usual question: Do you really mean that you still loved a madman? It is possible that you still retained true affection for a man, if not actually mad, so incapable, so self-absorbed, so great an egotist as was Harry Thaw always?

I answer, yes. Love does not die of a sudden. When love goes it fades in patches—there were still patches when I loved me very strongly. No woman possessed of womanly feeling can be an egotist. No woman who would not be a woman, but who would be the saintly of egotistic principles in theory. Reason would deplore the world, but no human brain can uplift itself to comprehend the greater reason of Nature. The pure logic of humanity can run with Nature's scheme just so far and no farther—sooner or later it find itself in conflict with the dominant logic and goes tumultuously to the wall.

This is not an apology from the wife of a lunatic for continuing relations with him other than those of a purely business character. It is a statement of fact that Harry Thaw was a madman, because he was a life prisoner of the State—as to all interests and purposes, Harry was an idiot. As an idiot, he was a madman. At this time Harry's mother occupied a cottage near Mattewan,



Evelyn Thaw on Her Way to the Insane Asylum.

Photograph Taken During One of Her Frequent Visits to Her Husband, and Showing a Bundle of Various Things Harry Thaw Had Asked For.

and, of course, visited him frequently. I never met her any more, unless by accident. Any business affairs due to the fact that I was her son's wife were conducted through the medium of agents. I recalled that the value of my continued loyalty—my testimony in the event of legal measures with a view of getting Harry out of the asylum—was all that sustained any sort of interest in me on the part of the Thaw family. In that respect our interests were common. If Harry should be freed, that would mean a reversal of the insanity verdict, and I would no longer be, legally, at least, the wife of a lunatic. Outside of Harry's competency to manage his own fiscal affairs, my financial position as his wife was, and would continue to be, untenable.

All this was constantly in my mind. But it could not yet force me more than a very small part of the penalty I was to pay for being the wife of an infamous scoundrel. Though I could not punish your mind with the course in detail of the six attempts that were made to get Harry out of the asylum, there were incidents of the period covered by those trials which have a real part in the story—as will be seen.

Unconsciously, however, I had begun to construct my future on the solid basis of independent reward for independent effort—even in the first weeks of my experience as the wife of a convicted and imprisoned lunatic.

Next Sunday Evelyn Thaw Tells How She Was Abandoned by the Thaw Family and Was Reduced to Poverty.

POSSIBLE PARENTS OF THAT EUGENIC BABY

Remarkable Evidences of Deep Personal Interest in the New Plan of Science to Create a Better and Finer Race

Miss Della L., New York.
CHARMING young women and handsome men show an increasing desire to marry in accordance with the great aim of eugenic science, which is to produce a better race.

The announcement has already been made in these columns that a committee of leading doctors and social workers, represented by the Medical Review of Reviews of New York, has offered prizes to the ideal eugenic man and woman, a prize of \$500 will be given to the ideal man and woman when they marry and a second prize of \$500 when their first child is born.

This newspaper will be pleased to receive photographs from any of its men and women readers who wish to compete for these prizes. A few of the many photographs already sent in are printed on this page. In order to avoid inconvenient publicity, the full names of the women candidates are not printed.

Candidates should state their general physical measurements, weight, height, sex, condition of health, health of their parents and grandparents. The candidates should be young and perfectly healthy. Photographs and information will be turned over to the committee of scientists who will select the successful candidates and award the prizes.

The committee regrets that it is impossible to return any photographs.

The object of eugenic science is to lead men and women to marry only those of good health and sound ancestry, in order that the feeble-minded and sickly people who now burden society may cease to exist in future generations. A great mass of facts has now been collected, upon which the new eugenic science is based.

A very interesting object lesson in eugenics, involving the most important families in history and the breeding of a favorite domestic animal, is furnished by comparing "the Hapsburg lip" and the underdog lower jaw of the English bulldog. This is a lesson largely in mistakes to avoid.

Both peculiarities are similar in appearance, both originated in a defect which was mistakenly admired and both have been perpetuated in the same way, i. e., by inbreeding.

The Hapsburg lip is the most remarkable and famous hereditary peculiarity in the world. It is found in nearly everybody belonging to the imperial family of Austria and the royal house of Spain. It has been seen in the monarchs of leading countries of Europe for about six hundred years. A history of the Hapsburg lip would be a history of Europe for six centuries.

Only the frequency of marriages between the Hapsburgs and the ancient French house of Bourbon, the Hapsburg lip is almost as common among the Bourbons as among the Hapsburgs. It first produced it. The Bourbons have also their own hereditary peculiarity, "the Bourbon nose," which has already been referred to.

The Hapsburg peculiarity is a large, swollen projecting underlip. It is usually associated with a strong, abnormally heavy and prominent lower jaw, which helps to make the lip more conspicuous.

The first appearance of the Hapsburg lip, according to history, was in a princess named Cyburga, who was born in the latter part of the fourteenth century, and married Ernest, Duke of Austria, who became the ancestor of all the imperial Hapsburgs.

Frederick Adams Woods, instructor in the Harvard Medical School, who has written a very interesting work called "Hereditarily in Royalty," has tabulated the names of thirty members of the royal family of Spain, twenty-three members of the royal family of Austria and nine members of other royal houses who have possessed the Hapsburg lip. He gives authentic portraits of all of them in proof of his statement. He traces it through eighteen generations.

Through the marriage of Philip the Handsome, of Austria, and the mad Joanne, of Spain, daughter of Queen Isabella, the patron of Columbus, the Spanish conditions fell to the House of Austria. The old Spanish kings of Leon and Castile then became extinct in the male line and the child line marriage became Emperor of Germany and King of Spain, with all the vast American and Asiatic possessions of the latter country.

This child was the famous Emperor Charles V, who reigned from 1516 to 1556. He possessed the Hapsburg lip in a very marked degree. He married Isabella of Portugal, who was closely related to him. Her father was a sister of the mad Joanne and granddaughter of John the Infante, and Isabella, the insane. The Emperor Charles V, although a man of considerable ability, was a confirmed alcoholic toward the end of his reign and abdicated his vast possessions.

The Hapsburg lip and the underdog jaw were perpetuated in the future generations. The Hapsburg lip was so common that it was multiplied and intensified by the constant intermarriage of members of the family. The Hapsburgs were plagued by the Hapsburg lip and were pleased to contract marriages that would perpetuate it.

Here we see a close parallel between the history of the Hapsburg lip and the underdog jaw of the English bulldog. Breeders have persistently bred from dogs of this exaggerated type because it had come into fashion, although the underdog jaw is really a mark of degeneracy from the original bulldog breed. In the Hapsburgs, the Hapsburg lip is really a kind of admiration for their peculiar lip and continued to reproduce it, although it is a mark of the physical and mental degeneracy of the family.

We know that the Spanish Hapsburgs rapidly degenerated after the time of Charles V, while the country lost its power and possessions. The branch that occupied the Austrian throne was but little less remarkable for feeble-mindedness.

The Spanish kings of the eighteenth century became mere caricatures of humanity, strange, without energy and the most conspicuous of degenerates. The last king of the direct Hapsburg line was Charles II, who died in 1700. Very appropriately he and the most conspicuous degeneracy in the history of the whole line. The historian Buckle, in his "History of Civilization," says of him:

"His general appearance was absolutely revolting and was that of a drizzling idiot. To an enormous mouth he added a rather lip protruding so hideously

Miss Estelle M., Monroe, La.

Mr. F. F. Wylie, Boston.

Miss Adda Z., Carlisle, Pa.

Miss Martha W., Canton Ohio

Curious Parallel Drawn by Eugenic Science Between the Bulldog's Jaw and "the Hapsburg Lip."

First Recorded Bulldog with Underdog Jaw, from a Print of 1625.

Emperor Charles V, Most Famous Monarch with the Hapsburg Lip.

His Descendant, Charles II of Spain, Who Died in 1700, Had an Exaggerated Hapsburg Lip.

His Living Descendant, King Alfonso XIII, Who Shows the Lip Very Plainly.

that his teeth could never meet and he was unable to masticate his food."

Charles's daughter married the grandson of Louis XIV. of France, and his grandson became King of Spain as Philip V. This marriage started the Bourbon-Hapsburg line in Spain. It also started what Professor Woods calls "the frightful Bourbon-Hapsburg psychoneurosis." The Bourbon-Hapsburgs showed the old lip and the same mental feebleness. Their incapacity during the Napoleonic invasion of Spain at the revolt of their American colonies is historic.

The present King Alfonso XII, of Spain, who the Hapsburg lip in an extraordinary degree. He is a Bourbon-Hapsburg on his father's side and a Hapsburg on his mother's side. Nearly all his immediate ancestors have shown the family defect in a more or less degree. His grandmother, Queen Isabella, was no torious and his father, Alfonso XII, was a disappointed wreck.

Alfonso's apparently good character must be regarded as the result of an improved environment and a good mother's influence. Nevertheless, the family defects have descended to his poor children in a painful degree. Two of them, as the whole world now knows, are dead. They also have the Hapsburg lip.

King Alfonso evidently sought to eliminate the lip defect by marrying a wife of fine physique. Queen Victoria's grandfather, a prince of Hesse, married a girl of sound plebeian German stock. Queen Victoria shows all the evidence of this sound stock in her appearance. Nevertheless, her heredity cannot be considered entirely sound, as she is partly descended from the Hanoverian Guelphs and the ruling family of Hesse, who have shown many grave defects and frequent cases of insanity.

In union with a husband of very defective ancestry, these defects are liable to crop out. To the sound German element in Queen Victoria's ancestry, must be attributed the fact that three of her five children are well and strong.

Eugenic science teaches that if the kings of Spain would marry wives of perfectly sound ancestry for two or three generations to come, the terrible family weakness would entirely disappear.

Now we come to the extraordinary parallel between the bulldog jaw and the Hapsburg lip. In old days when bull baiting was a favorite public amusement, there existed a very powerful heavy-jawed race of dogs used in fighting the bulls. A building of this kind was compared to the early Hapsburg, who was known as "Ernest the Ironjawed." Frequently a pup or two in a litter of this old breed would be born with a lower jaw and jaw projecting beyond the upper. This was really a mark of degeneracy, the old type.

About the time bull baiting ceased to be a popular amusement, the type of bulldog with underdog jaw began to flourish. The breeders of this kind of bulldog raised pups only from these degenerate specimens killing the good pups or letting them run loose, and thus created the type we call the English bulldog.

Scientists reject the popular idea that this type could have been created artificially by pushing in the bones of the pups.

The original type of bulldog is still preserved in the French breed called the "dogue de Bordeaux." This animal is more powerful and intelligent than the English bulldog. It is interesting to note that in the French breed, the underdog jaw is frequently bred with an underdog jaw, but in this case it is considered a fault.

Professor V. Galippe, of the French Academy of Medicine, who has made a profound study of the bulldog jaw and the degeneracy of royal families, has discovered the oldest known picture of a bulldog with the underdog jaw. It bears the date 1625 and was made at Burgon, Spain. Curious to say this was about the time Spanish Hapsburgs were shown signs of great degeneracy.

Many people naturally admire the English bulldog for its courage, tenacity and its reliable temper. Nevertheless, there is abundant evidence that its extraordinary strength and its degeneracy are inseparable. Owing to the underdog jaw the teeth become loose and fall out prematurely.

The bulldog has more delicate health and more

digestive troubles than ordinary dogs. The constant stuffing of food into its mouth builds up a result of the malformation of its jaws and teeth. The bulldog is as badly off as a child with adenoids.

All these facts are of great interest and importance to eugenic science. They show that a defect may follow the same hereditary course of development in dogs as in man. It is much easier to study dogs, because they do not live as long as men and it is easier to control their actions.

Then the experience of King Alfonso is very interesting as showing how far marriage with a wife of fine physique is likely to eliminate grave defects from the father's heredity. The results cannot be regarded as altogether happy. Nevertheless, Professor C. T. Davenport, of the Carnegie Institution, would claim that the results strongly confirm his rule that the marriage of defectives with normal persons leads to a gradual elimination of the defects. It would probably record Alfonso's three normal children out of five as a victory for eugenic science.

One of the most important points of dispute in eugenic science is involved here. There is much disagreement among scientists as to how the science should be applied in regulating marriages. Some hold

that we should aim merely to increase the proportion of normal persons by preventing the very unfit from reproducing themselves. Others hold that eugenic science should aim to create higher types of human beings by mating the finest specimens of men and women with one another. In the project of the New York eugenic club, announced in these columns, the object is to create the finest type of humanity by mating perfect men and women.

All who feel that they have beauty, talent and other qualities are now urged to transmit them to posterity and save them to the world. They are asked to do so under the vigilant eyes of science and under conditions that will be extremely instructive to the whole world.

All readers of this page—any man or any woman who would like to be selected as the husband or the wife in the eugenic marriage may send in a photograph, with name and address and brief description of their condition of health and other facts. They may desire to state. This should be mailed to:

EUGENIC MARRIAGE,
P. O. BOX 208
NEW YORK CITY.

W. Nordberg, Lynn, Mass.

What the Stars Promise for December

THE December lunation is one that has much to do with governments, municipal, national and international.

The old star Leo rises, which speaks prestige for Washington, the City Hall, and executive chambers in the east, although the convening of Congress and of various legislatures will bring all sorts of initial obstruction. Committees and chairmanships are confronted with problems that do not right themselves till the legislative machinery is well under way. A new regime must necessarily take time to adjust itself to incoming developments, and Jupiter now in the seat of the high and mighty is its instrument of perfectionment.

But temporarily old Saturn sits rather ominously in this quarter of the monthly chart, and the membership of same will be depleted by one or more prominent deaths, or by absence through illness.

Some of the more interesting battleship programs long very encouraging Jupiter ruling, this likewise protects the public health, except for a few instances of general hospital cases. A most distressing condition surrounds the hospital and penal branches of the public service. Investigations will disclose some interesting cases of corruption in the police and prison systems.

Sudden reactions in the stock market will mark the period, at times of a panicky feeling, and a nervousness of general health. Lower quotations will prove the rule, and operators would best not under cover.

The military branch of the government in French and Italy will be more complex. Lower quotations will prove the rule, and operators would best not under cover.

There is a succession of major aspects in a month of the nature of ill health and in northern latitudes, and of excessive rains and freshets in the southern territory. This will be most particularly near the 17th and between the 16th and 21st. About the 20th there will also be atmospheric disturbances.

The benevolent Mars occupies the eastern angle for the Middle States, tending such as labor troubles near the Ohio parallel. At last, London, merely racing and depressive, but schools and educational institutions will benefit, and unusual interest in the

evidence. The latter extends and the way from Chicago to New Orleans and adjacent territory.

Saturn rises on the western coast, ten per cent obstructive to public movements, and will produce some difficulties in the World's Fair preparations. The more interesting and important nature will come to the surface. Health is much benefited and the

14th. A prominent thespian dies in the period of the 14th. A period of depression of the stock market is indicated for the 14th. A period of depression of the stock market is indicated for the 14th. A period of depression of the stock market is indicated for the 14th.

December 14. New papers will come with a new issue of the 14th. A period of depression of the stock market is indicated for the 14th. A period of depression of the stock market is indicated for the 14th. A period of depression of the stock market is indicated for the 14th.

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The Logic of Dress—by Paul Poiret In HARPER'S BAZAR



M. Poiret Arranging a Jet Necklace So That It Falls Just Within the Lines He Wishes. It Is in These Little Touches That M. Poiret Excels. The Gown Is the Mourning Dress Shown on the Right.

for a considerable period

Individuality Is the Essential.

A woman is free nowadays to dress as she chooses, yet at times times out of ten has does not avail herself of the privilege. Why does she lack the courage to make herself attractive, when on the other hand she is quite willing to make herself ridiculous by following unbecoming styles in dress?

I dislike fashions. They make all women look alike, and they reduce to a standard something which should be infinitely varied, distinctive and attractive. Rome is never aggressive. Individually it is charming. I would have a woman dye her hair purple, if purple hair was becoming to her. At least, I should admire her courage.

PAUL POIRET, one of the most original and certainly the most talked about of the famous French dressmakers, is writing a series of exclusive articles in HARPER'S BAZAR. The articles are illustrated by photographs of his own charming and odd creations.

In the current number of HARPER'S BAZAR Mr. Poiret has a novel and interesting little essay upon the logic of dress. So unusual is the viewpoint that by permission of HARPER'S BAZAR the article and some of the fascinating photographs that illustrate it are reproduced on this page.

Build a Gown After a Logical Design.

Dress is an art—an art to be studied as conscientiously as any other art; and I would have the adept in it exemplify her art by dressing consistently with condition and with her own state of mind. In other words, and colors typify grief and brilliant hues indicate joy. Clothes should be chosen according

to their suitability—the old principle of the Romans—decorum. But they should be worn and made according to one other principle—logic.

In my work I have always tried to be logical. I conceive an idea, or get a suggestion which I think will work out well, and I carry it out to a logical conclusion. People tell me that the gowns I create are entirely different from the designs of other makers. If they are different it is because they are logical. They are designed and executed without compromise with any fad or fashion.

That is one reason why my dresses are unusual and in advance of the prevailing mode. The so-called harem skirt, for example, was developed to its logical conclusion. It proved somewhat of a revolution when first

prevented, but it is now accepted. The logic in a design should be completed. A dress showing the proper effect is logical with a Grecian border or a divided skirt. If you want a pulser, then see to it that the rest of the dress is carried out accordingly.

If your gown is to be built on Oriental lines, then have no stiff neck or fitted collar to upset the fundamental scheme. If the Tanagra is your model, then see that your undergarments are exactly like those of the original statues. Do not start out with straight lines in your design and permit them to develop into bulky curves. Build a gown as logically as an architect plans a church. Every garment, in fact, should be architecturally designed.

Draperies, Too, Should Have Meaning.

I abhor on a dress buttons that are not meant to button. A button is not an ornament—it is an object of utility. If it does not serve any purpose then do not put it on. A button should button, or be placed so that it might button, but placed haphazard on a dress it spoils the logic and consequently the ensemble.

Draperies are beautiful when logically handled; otherwise they are

The Back View of the Black and White Mourning Costume Showing the Skillful Draping of the Chiton into the Black Velvet Panel of the Wrist. The Arrangement of the Draping Carries Out the Rules Laid Down by M. Poiret in His Argument on the Logic of Dress.

An Original Poiret Model Made for the Russian Ballet. It is Developed in Mahogany Falls with Yoke Sleeves and Belt of Black Velvet. Drapings Are Gathered in a Fitted Band of Black Velvet Embroidered in Coral and Gold and Edged with Skunk to Match Scarf and Cuffs.

quite the opposite. They are extremely difficult to handle unless logic is kept in mind. A drapery must come from somewhere and end somewhere. I mean it must start, logically, at the shoulder or the waistline, and it must be caught at the other extremity by a buckle, a bit of passementerie, or an ornament of some kind. But the flow of the material must be in accordance with the lines of the gown, and there must be an apparent reason for its use. Some times you see draperies that come from one knows not where, caught here and there, everywhere, on hems not bow, and instead of admiring the dress or feeling the pleasing effect of the ensemble, you wonder how the dress is made, how it was possible to get it hung together. And when the woman who wears it takes a step you tremble lest she disarrange a fold and ruin the garment.

To be able to move about in a dress is logical. Nothing about drapery should give the impression that it hampers the wearer. Drapery should fall naturally, and if walking disarranges the pleats, the material ought to fall back into the logical

folds as soon as the wearer is in repose, leaving the impression that no harm had been done. Logic in a dress, to my mind, stands for beauty. Decorum and logic—these are the two things which should govern a woman in the choice of her dress. Fashions should be ignored. A prevailing mode may guide a woman—but nothing more—for the really well-dressed woman never follows it blindly.

A Silk Crepe with All the Radiant Coloring of the Orient Has Been Used by Poiret in This Gown. Note the Muff Sleeves Which Like the Edges of the Garment Are Embroidered with Real White Skunk Fur.

By PAUL POIRET, In the Current December Number of HARPER'S BAZAR.

FASHION! That appalling word! At least to me it is appalling because it stands for that which I have never seen since I began designing twenty years ago. I never could understand why fashion is supposed to convey the idea of individuality and uniqueness. To my mind, it means uniformity and homogeneity. Fashion to me implies lack of taste, because a thing arbitrarily set up as a model for everybody to follow is an insult to one's sense of individuality. Ever since I can remember I have hated fashion, and I have been opposed to this artificial and absurd generalization which has reigned in women's clothes.

Of course there was a reason for it in olden times when coverings of a country set the fashions and the mechanism for weaving textiles was imperfect. It was then logical that women should follow the fashion, for the lady in waiting copied the dress of her Queen, as the most delicate of compliments. In turn, the lady in waiting was copied, and so it spread from one circle to another. At the same time, the manufacturers produced materials required for such a regime. And as it took a long time to adjust a loom for a different design—fabric, the fashion prevailed.

The Etiquette of Cards and Calls--

By Mrs. Frank Learned, Author of "The Etiquette of New York To-day."

CUSTOM regulates the matter of cards and calls. Social visiting has an established code, and the rules should be understood which regulate visiting cards and calls.

These bits of pasteboard are required to do duty on many occasions. For centuries they have been the accredited representatives of the individual, and they are the means of discharging social obligations, and the endless interchange of cards between friends and acquaintances may be truly said to keep society united. Without these useful little bits of pasteboard social duties could not be paid. Cards are very often reminders to acquaintances of our very existence as well as a step toward renewing friendships or enlarging a circle of friends.

The proper acknowledgment of the invitation is to send cards on or after the day of the event to those to whose name the invitation was issued and to the newly-married pair. If in doubt as to what may be the new address of the bride, cards are sent to the home of her parents. This obvious practice is explained here because they are frequently a problem to the inexperienced. The same rule applies to sending cards in acknowledgment of marriage announcements.

On the occasion of a tea a hostess sends cards to her general list of friends. This also notifies them that she will be at home on a certain afternoon. They are not obliged to go. If they do, they leave cards so that the hostess may be reminded of their presence and may give them credit for coming. If they cannot go, cards are sent on the day of the tea, and duty has been fulfilled. If they go, they leave cards so that at that time.

A card is a reminder of one's call and address, and it is left whether the hostess is at home or not. It may be laid down on the hall table when entering or leaving a house or may be laid down unobtrusively on any convenient table.

Women attend to the duties of card leaving, men being considered exempt from making calls when they have wives or mothers to leave their cards, but of course a young man must call on his hostess after a dinner. Men are not to be greeted that some young men are

not sufficiently punctilious in making prompt acknowledgment of courtesies and hospitalities.

The general rule to remember is that a married woman leaves her husband's cards with her own when making a formal call, whether it be the first call of the season or a call as an independence after an invitation. She leaves one of her cards for each lady in a family and one each of her husband's cards for each lady and one for the man of the household. If she has a son she may leave two of his cards. If the lady on whom she is calling is at home she places the cards of her husband and son on the hall table and sends her own card by the servant. In future calls during the year it is not required that she should leave her husband's cards, unless, as has been stated, in acknowledgment of invitations. Her son assumes his own obligations in future.

The old custom has been revived of having a card "Mr. and Mrs. X" sent with flowers, books, bonbons, fruit, or any of the small gifts offered among friends. In acknowledging these attentions it is not proper to send a card in return. A note should be written.

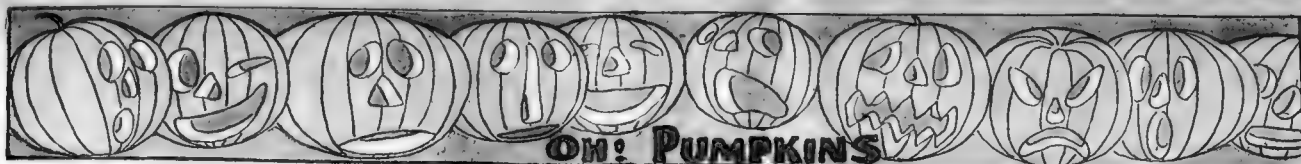
Nothing may ever be written on a visiting card but an informal message or invitation. It is not proper to write an acceptance or a regret on a card.

Cards of condolence or sympathy are sent to friends in bereavement with the words "With deep sympathy" written across the top. Of course, one should, if possible, call and leave cards without asking to see any one, but if this cannot be done cards are sent by post.

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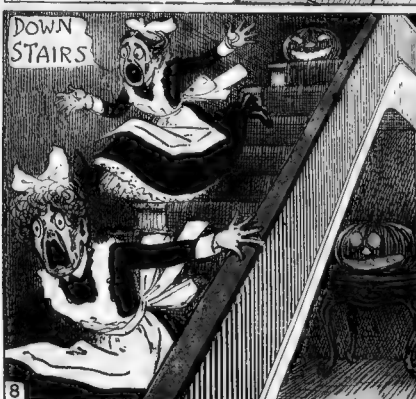
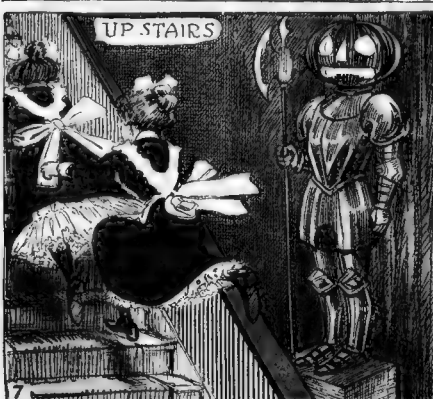
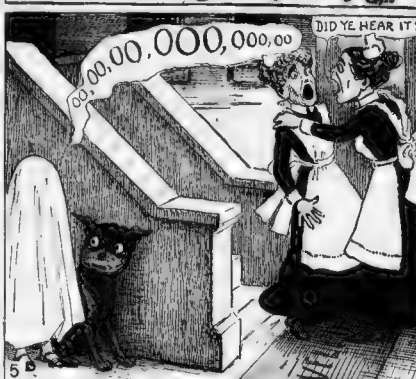
*Miles for Food Raising Made Available
by Agriculture's Tardy Recognition
of Mechanical Progress.*

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OH! PUMPKINS

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RESOLVED
THAT IF I HAD IT TO DO OVER AGAIN-
OH WELL, NEVER MIND. EVERYBODY LAUGHED.
LAUGHTER IS HEALTHY. HUMOR IS SANITY.
SANE, HEALTHY PEOPLE LAUGH AS MUCH
AS THEY CAN. IT KEEPS THEM WELL AND
HAPPY. YOU CANT BE HAPPY UNLESS YOU ARE
WELL, AND YOU CANT BE WELL IF YOU CARRY
A GROUCH AROUND ALL THE TIME. LOTS
OF SICK PEOPLE THINK THEY HAVE A GROUCH
BECAUSE THEY ARE SICK. ITS THE OTHER WAY
THEY ARE SICK BECAUSE THEY HAVE A GROUCH.
COME ON BOYS LETS LAUGH. THAT SORRY
STUFF WONT GET YOU ANYTHING.
IF A MAN DOES YOU AN INJURY
LAUGH BECAUSE YOU WERE NOT
THE ONE WHO DID THE INJURY
LAUGH ANYHOW. DONT WORRY.

R. F. Outcault

IS HER LOAD TO BE LIGHTER?

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GOMAN to-day, although man's vanity does not admit it, is about as feeble and defenseless as men were ten thousand years ago.

Men have made improvements, **FOR MEN**. They have sought to get natural rights and justice, **FOR MEN**.

They have left woman, who brings them into the world, and helps them to go out of it, to shift for herself; they have left her to carry the big load up the hill.

The red Indian, walking ahead with his light bow and arrow, while the squaw behind him carries the tent poles, the buffalo hide and the baby, is by no means a curiosity.

The white man's **MANNER** is a little different from that of the Indian.

The white man in his black cloak and stove-pipe hat has a great way of taking a woman by the elbow and pushing her upstairs, in public giving her help that she doesn't need or want.

But at home it is about the same old story of ten thousand years ago.

There are a few women, happy and carefree in the sense that a well-fed and cared for lap dog is happy—in having no work or responsibility.

The masses of women, like the squaws of the red Indians, and the wives of the dark-skinned gentlemen in the Congo, still carry the load and do the work.

Fortunately, just at this moment there comes a light on the horizon, and women have reasons for hoping that their condition will be better.

Man won his independence slowly. The change from the age of the sharp stick to the stone age, then to the bronze age, then to the age of iron, occupied tens of thousands of years.

Man got the strongest men to lead him, help him in his fighting, direct him in the killing of wild animals. Then he combined with his fellows, got rid of the strong leaders, and legislated himself.

He passed from the bow and arrow to the repeating rifle, from the state of helpless slavery to the republic with its "One man, one vote."

And now **MAN** lives under conditions that would bring him happiness—if he would consent to stop cheating his fellow man, and to let emulation take the place of competition.

Woman has watched man as he progressed, **BUT ONLY WATCHED**.

What he got was not for her—unless he chose to give it to her.

He escaped from slavery. **SHE** was still a slave—a slave of the cooking stove and the cradle, and the slave of the laws that made her inferior.

When he got the vote she only got the right to say, "How wise and wonderful you are!"

Now, in certain States the thing is changing, and woman's turn seems to have come.

The other day women voted in Chicago. They have just won that right.

It was extremely interesting first of all to observe that the women of whom it was said that they **WOULD NOT TAKE THE TROUBLE TO VOTE**, voted so eagerly that they crowded the men from the polls.

It was interesting, also, to notice how intelligently the women voted, and with what enthusiasm they indorsed with their votes plans for better parks and that which was good in the matters discussed.

Very enlightening was the case of one woman—she was first at the polls—in the town of Pullman; first to vote, mind you, **AND SHE HAD WASHED HER DISHES BEFORE LEAVING HOME**



*The real **ATLAS** is not man, but **WOMAN**, carrying the earth on her shoulders. Man makes the pictures, writes the stories, fixes everything his own way. He shows himself carrying the load.*

*But in reality **WOMAN** is the burden bearer; she always has carried the burden, the heaviest and the most thankless.*

There is light ahead, in modern thought and decency, fortunately.

TO VOTE. That may interest the gentlemen who wonder what is going to become of the dirty dishes and of the crying baby if women vote.

This woman had washed the dishes, had fed the children, and was at the polls bright and early, to prove that women are not necessarily "dumb driven cattle."

She voted well, and, as it happened,

was able to say afterward, "Of course I voted for dad." Her father was a candidate for a minor office.

Is there anything shocking in the idea of a daughter, a good woman who has known her father all her life, going to the polls and saying with her vote, "I know that my father is a good man and can be trusted."

Doesn't every man know, whether he

cares to admit it or not, that women will vote more conscientiously than men, and, on the average, show greater ability in selecting the good candidate and the **HONEST** men?

Is it not a good thing for the world, for life at home, and for the solving of our complicated American marriage and divorce problem, to have the hus-

band and the wife, the brother and the sister, the father and the daughter, **INTERESTED IN THE SAME SUBJECTS**, including politics, and able to vote together?

A favorite remark of men—especially of those ignorant and conceited, has been, "What do women know about politics?"

That remark will be heard less often, when the answer will be, "At least women can vote **AGAINST YOU**, and you had better take the trouble to **LET** them know something about politics."

Many a man is proud to say that he went to the polls and voted, and his three **SONS** with him. Should he not be prouder to say: "I voted with my three sons and my three daughters **AND MY WIFE**? My whole family shares in good government!"

Before election, in times past, the political heeler in the big city considered it his duty to buy plenty of whiskey for proud male voters and send them home friendly and drunk.

Does anybody doubt that with women voting the most stupid political heeler will realize that the wise course for him is to send the man home **SOBER**, that his wife, his daughter, or his mother, may not, on the following election day, vote against the machine that supplied the whiskey?

Isn't it well for a young man to discuss political questions with his wife, explaining to her, if he is the wise one, listening to her, if she is wiser, rather than to have that young husband spend the evening away from home, talking to men not at all interested in what he says?

Homes and marriages are happy when men and women living together have interests in common.

The so-called "big man" in politics confines his interest to one half of the family, under a system which permits only one-half of the population to vote.

With women voting, the man whose wife votes with him will be looked upon with admiration by other men. And the woman whose husband votes with her will be looked upon with admiration by other women. Each will be interested in discussing public questions with the other: **LIFE WILL BE MADE MORE INTERESTING FOR BOTH.**

The women of this world—except a few living with rich men as pets and playthings—and a **VERY FEW** fortunate enough to meet unselfish men, or just men, have been the burden-bearers of the world.

Man brags of his strength and speaks of woman as the weak and feeble vessel. He forgets that some woman carried him around for months before he was born, and carried him around for years **AFTER** he was born. He forgets that a woman suffered bringing him into the world, without complaint, an amount of agony that would draw from him the most mournful howls and make him expect medals in his lifetime and a monument afterward.

BECAUSE WOMAN HAS HAD TO CREATE THE HUMAN RACE and take care of it after its birth, wash it, watch it, nurse it, feed it, she has been unable to protect **HERSELF** and get her rights.

Now, after the human race has lived for half a million years on this planet, and after "civilization," so-called, has lasted for two or three thousand years in its various forms, it is gradually dawning upon men that the women, the mothers, the creators of the race, are entitled to decent treatment. None too soon.

The vote will do for women what it has done for men. It will compel those in power to consider the welfare and the happiness of women.

It will enable women to punish those who treat them and their children unjustly, cruelly or scornfully.

Do what you can to hasten votes for women where justice has not yet been done.

You would gladly take the heavy load from the back of any **ONE** poor woman. Be just as eager to take the load of injustice from the backs of **ALL** women.

"The Eidolon" A Weird Conception, Written by the Late Joel Hayden, Jr., a Boston Young Man, Whose Will Is Now Being Contested in This City.

THE weird and strange experiences of a young man addicted to the drug habit in the Latin Quarter of Paris form the plot of an unusual short fiction story by the late Joel Hayden, Jr., a Boston young man whose will is now being probated in the Boston courts. The story is printed here for the first time.

Hayden left \$30,000 to a Boston widow, Mrs. George E. McCabe, cutting off his father and brothers.

In the will contest it was testified to that the young Mr. Hayden was himself a victim of the hashish habit. In the following story the principal character is a hashish eater, and his feelings and emotions are vividly described.

LUCINE—la belle Lucine—I met her for the first time at the Cafe d'Harcourt, when I was a student at Paris. I met her for the first time, I repeat; but this I was certain—I had seen her some time before.

We spoke of the approaching ball and of the world of beaux-arts. She was of the "Quarter," and if I remember—for this happened nearly five years ago—she said she was a model for an artist and maker of wax figures by the name Meunier. With him she lived in the Quartier Latin.

Even at this early period of my life—or shall I call it existence?—there was not a time when I was not the same, but another self? Then, to be exact, let me say, even at this early period of my life, I was addicted to that most potent of narcotics—hashish! That this drug is a deadly poison I am but too well aware, although I have been an habitual hashish-eater for years.

It was some time before I met la belle Lucine that I first took hashish. It happened I had some business to transact; and knowing the drug would have no effect for some time, I completed my business and returned to my house near the Boulevard des Capucines.

I had scarcely entered the front hall when, looking up the stairs that led for six flights to my room, I perceived that the first flight was miles in height.

In my amazement I released a handle of the front door, which closed by means of a spring; but it seemed to me an age before it shut behind me.

I was dumbfounded. I stood gazing in a kind of despair at the innumerable steps before me. Should I ever be able to ascend the first flight, to say nothing of the five others?

A second thought, however, reassured me—"This is hashish time and space," I meditated. "It is nothing; it is only one of the usual effects of the drug."

I regained my composure and began to ascend the stairway. After what seemed a year I reached the first landing, where, supposing to glance back, I found myself standing upon a giddy height before a bottomless abyss. Horrified, I turned and sought my seemingly endless climb.

Once in my room, the effect of the drug having abated in some measure, time and space began to assume their wonted proportions.

What was this phenomenon? If a small quantity of the drug could affect the optic nerve so that distance was distorted, could it affect the brain so that the subjective sense of duration of time was so monstrously exaggerated, a dose of sufficient size might affect the sub-conscious mind, or perhaps the subconscious mind?

A second self, or familiar spirit, might spring into vision, that could look back not only through the various stages of existence, but even on earth, but perhaps even into the animal kingdom, from which we are learnedly thought to originate!

Are not the very stars, as the great opium eater observes, hidden during the day by a "veil of light"? So the light of consciousness may be concealed behind a veil, knowledge of the worlds to come, of worlds that have been.

If, as Dr. Morton Prince conclusively demonstrates, a dormant personality can be cognizant of all that occurs for twenty-four sleepless years, is it not possible that there are many dormant personalities that make part and parcel of many egos for millions of years?

Of a morbidly nervous temperament from early childhood, I have often heard the twilight stealing over the heavens. The difference in temperature of one room and another, when to the normal person there was no difference, seemed to affect me as though knocked down with a club.

Added to this, I was always an enthusiastic apostle of romanticism. That night in Paris—the night after I first experienced hashish—was the same. I had a dream. That dream, always equally fantastic and fearful, has at rare intervals returned during the languors of the night, and invariably it was the same.

I was alone, absolutely alone. Never in my life have I experienced such a sensation of unpeppable loneliness as that which accompanied the dream—the dream, which I call the Dream of the Desert.

I seemed to be in a vast, limitless desert. I seemed to be standing on a small eminence and the sand undulated like the waves of the ocean as far away as I could see in the dim and solitary wilderness. The only light that at times lit up the ghastly landscape came from weird burnings on the low horizon, stained, it seemed, with funeral blackness.

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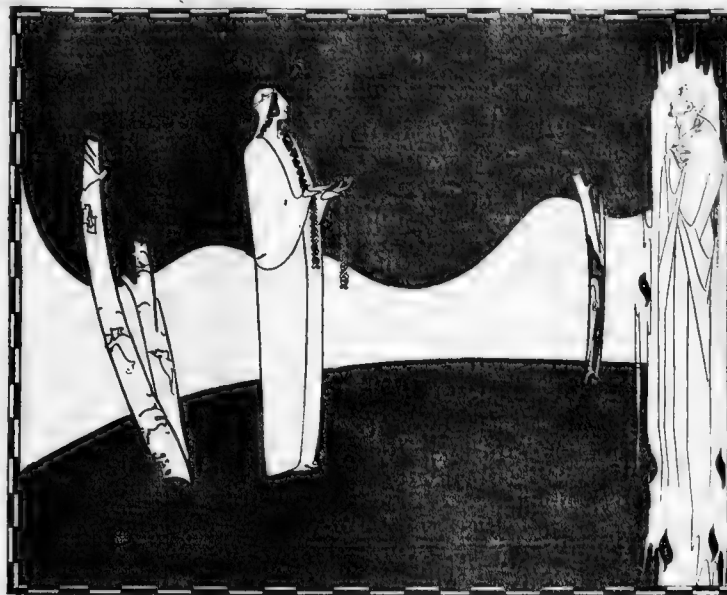
It seemed to me that the desert of undulating mounds of sand was a desert of the dead; that each mound was a grave and that the dead could not sleep beneath the sand. It seemed that struggles of the buried in their narrow graves—their intellectual struggles, writings and turnings—caused the undulations in the desert.

And lo! the voice of the wind seemed to be saying: "Oh! oh! oh!" like the voices of the dead lamenting.

It was at this period of my dream that I felt that something terrible was about to transpire. Whether I was about to witness the solemn passage of my whole life, or whether it was to pass into endless annihilation, I knew not.

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"And the green trees, bending o'er her, whispered in their ecstasy." Drawn by Artist William Stevens

springtime on earth and the gods were above. Before me stood a figure of olympic loveliness and a face of hedonic beauty. Such beauty I had never beheld. The tears gushed to my eyes.

"Oh, thou eternal beauty!" I exclaimed. The divine vision vanished.

Surely, reader, you may imagine my surprise to behold in the face of la belle Lucine the same face that I had met in my dreams—the same figure that I had encountered in the Ionian hills.

Madly I fell in love with this divine creature, and that night, having taken hashish after the manner of Theophile Gautier and other noted poets of his day and hour, I composed and sent her the following verses:

Through strange lands as, farward faring,
Once a vision met my sight
Of a maid pale blossoms bearing,
Shrouded in the web of night.

And the green trees bending o'er her
Whispered in their ecstasy;
And the silver willow saw her
Stretch her arms in love to me.

Was she, then, my soul's mate, keeping
Tyrant against love's appointed dawn?
Lo! My eyes are red with weeping.
Still I weep, and she is gone.

But no reply came to my ardent epistle. I hastened to the Quartier, to the abode of M. Meunier. He had departed, no one knew whither.

Some said that he had a few days before my visit left the house where he had lived for some months with a young woman, a demon, but of unusual beauty; that she had lived a few days with the artist, but had deserted him and left Paris in company with a Russian gentleman of large fortune who had taken vehemently in love with her.

She was lost to me. But from that time on I never ceased to mourn her. Sometimes, but not often, the "dream of the desert" came to me; but after the lapse of years it came less and less frequently, and I fancied I was growing old. Although I had seen many beautiful women, I have never ceased to revere for the peerless lady Lucine—la belle Lucine.

It seemed to me when I had indulged in the incomparable drug hashish—chief of delight—that the face I had seen in my dreams was nothing more nor less than a ghost face—the face of many dead women whom I had loved in previous lives, a composite photograph of dead loves, as it were, that the wonderful effects of the hashish had enabled me to behold, and that the fair Lucine was the flesh-and-blood embodiment of a thousand burnt-out passions in other existences; that she was my soul-mate on earth.

Over forty years after the meeting with Lucine at the Cafe d'Harcourt, I

again found myself in Paris. I was waiting with a friend at a railway station, and as I waited I saw a young man, the portrait of my friend Meunier, enter the station.

My friend Meunier, an investment, an enterprising man, a man of affairs, was exhibited to me. He told me of the Chamber of Horrors, and it gave me some knowledge of the world.

I spoke frankly. I was due to the Chamber of Horrors, which had but one aim, to show the people the horrors of the world, and I was a man of affairs, and I was a man of affairs.

It was a dismal, rainy night, and the electric lights brought out with peculiar clarity the faces of the dead and the scattered remnants of humanity that lay in the streets of a great city at night. I was painted, I perceived, as into the Chamber of Horrors, and I was a man of affairs, and I was a man of affairs.

We passed through the upper stories of the building and came down to the ground floor, where I saw a young man, the portrait of my friend Meunier, enter the station.

My friend Meunier, an investment, an enterprising man, a man of affairs, was exhibited to me. He told me of the Chamber of Horrors, and it gave me some knowledge of the world.

I spoke frankly. I was due to the Chamber of Horrors, which had but one aim, to show the people the horrors of the world, and I was a man of affairs, and I was a man of affairs.

That Affair Next Door - - By Anna Katherine Green

(Continued.)
CHAPTER XX.
Miss Butterworth's Theory.

I WAS so excited when I entered my carriage that I rode all the way home with my bonnet askew and never knew it. When I reached my room and saw myself in the glass, I was so shocked, and stole a glance at Lena, who was setting out my little tea-table, to see if she noticed what a ridiculous figure I cut. But she did not.

I had always seen a woman's hand in this work, but having no reason to believe in the presence of any other woman on the scene of crime than the victim, I had put this suspicion aside as untenable. But now I had found the second woman, I returned to it.

But how connect her with the murder? It seemed easy enough to do so if this other woman was her rival, but she may have known of one, and this knowledge may have been at the bottom of her disagreement with her husband, and the half-crazy determination she evinced to win his family over to her side. Let me say, then, that the second woman was Mrs. Van Burman's rival. That she brought her there not knowing that his wife had effected an entrance into the house, brought her there after an afternoon spent at the Hotel

D—, during which he had furnished her with a new outfit of less pronounced type, perhaps, than that she had previously worn. The use of the two earrings and the fact that she took to throw suspicion off their track, may have been part of a scheme of future revenge. For had she so often meant to remain in Mr. Van Burman's house, she would have been enabled to approach her victim and inflict with such certainty the fatal blow that she had, and she would have been able to do so without any of her feet can be left to the world. But if it is a woman, and not Howard, a man, drove this woman's weapon, she would have been able to do so without any of her feet can be left to the world. But if it is a woman, and not Howard, a man, drove this woman's weapon, she would have been able to do so without any of her feet can be left to the world.

But if this theory is true, how about the shadow that fell at dusk break, and how about the man from the house without doubt, but the little thought, what explain all that. The man, however, do doubt, at the result of his impudence, and exerting the force to which it had led, left the house without doubt, but the little thought, what explain all that. The man, however, do doubt, at the result of his impudence, and exerting the force to which it had led, left the house without doubt, but the little thought, what explain all that.

She wanted to kill, but she had no weapon. Suddenly her eyes fell on the hatpin which her more self-possessed rival had drawn from her hat, possibly before their encounter, and she conceived a plan which seemed to her to be a very revenge she sought. How she was enabled to approach her victim and inflict with such certainty the fatal blow that she had, and she would have been able to do so without any of her feet can be left to the world.

Now one had gone into it, some one who wanted pin, and the other who wanted to kill. I saw through the pin and saw the man from the house without doubt, but the little thought, what explain all that. The man, however, do doubt, at the result of his impudence, and exerting the force to which it had led, left the house without doubt, but the little thought, what explain all that.

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When this was done she started away, burning to cloak off her hat on her own coat, and to look to be traced by her more self-possessed rival, and she had not been discovered by the police, but she was not so lucky.

Now one had gone into it, some one who wanted pin, and the other who wanted to kill. I saw through the pin and saw the man from the house without doubt, but the little thought, what explain all that. The man, however, do doubt, at the result of his impudence, and exerting the force to which it had led, left the house without doubt, but the little thought, what explain all that.

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this was daring, and quite in keeping with the whole desperate affair. They promised, however, a result important enough to make it worth a dash for the diabolical with which he had met my threats of interference.

CHAPTER XXI.
A Shared Conviction.

THE first of which I speak was as follows:

I would advertise for a person named as I believed Mrs. Van Burman to have been when she left the scene of crime. If I received news of such a person, I would consider my theory verified. I accordingly wrote the following advertisement:

free No Continued Next Sunday.

'Monna Vanna' To Be Given Here Friday

By FREDERICK JOHNS.

"MONNA VANNA," by Frederic M. Vane, the most striking of recent French music dramas, will be given its first Boston performance next Friday night. This remarkable work is also being introduced to audiences in New York and Chicago at the same time.

It is the first of the season's novelties and in many respects the most important.

Founded on Maeterlinck's play, it has been set to music against the walls of the author, who portrayed just as vehemently as he did when Debussy attacked his "Pelléas et Melisande."

It is the first performance of "Monna Vanna" in America. The wonderful scenery devised by Mr. Urban will be sent from Boston to Chicago for the campaign of promotion. This is a remarkable tribute to the genius of Urban, and a due to the curiosity excited in New York and Chicago over the new art which he exemplifies.

"Monna Vanna" was first given last year in Paris, where it achieved a pronounced success. The music, while notable for modern orchestral effects, is said to be melodious enough, and the drama is very intense.

Good Acting Expected. With Mary Garden in the title role, Muriel Moore as the soprano, and Yvonne Parnell in the baritone part, it is likely to be remarkable for splendid acting, since all three of these singers are famous, respectively.

The same cast will go to Chicago for the premiere there. André Caprice, the conductor, is thoroughly familiar with the ideas and possibilities of French and the score is sure of receiving exceptional treatment here in Boston.

The story on which the action is based is dramatic in the extreme and lends itself admirably to musical treatment. The scene is laid in the fifteenth century, besieged by a Florentine army under the command of the Duke of Florence.

Guido, the ruler of the city, sends Marco, his father, as his ambassador to Florence, who announces that Monna Vanna, the beautiful wife of Guido, comes alone to his tent the following night.

Monna Vanna decides that it is her duty to save Pisa, whatever the personal sacrifice involved, and so, under the cover of night, she escapes from the city, and is rescued by the Duke of Florence, who is proved to be a ruthless conqueror of Monna Vanna.

Return in Triumph. The hours of darkness quickly pass as they talk over the past and when the first flush of dawn comes news of the approach of another Florentine army, who are invading Pisa from the consequences of his treason in

FIVE FAVORITE SONG BIRDS IN WEEK'S OPERA PROGRAM



ESKA SWARTZ
MOOSE - CONTRALTO
OPERA CONCERT TONIGHT!

promising to save Pisa, Monna Vanna persuades him to return with her. The third act shows the triumphant return to the city, with the swift interplay of passions that makes the situation so wonderfully dramatic.

The first American presentation of this opera by the Boston Opera Company will be notable not only for the superb mounting which will be given by General Stage Director Urban, but also for the fact that the principal male roles will be taken by the creators of the same roles at the world premiere in Paris, Monaco and Moscow.

Repeat Program. For the remainder of the week the opera of last week will be repeated. On Monday night comes "Tristan" with the same cast as Saturday except for the important addition of Erika Swartz, who will sing the role of Isolde.

Wednesday night "Jewels of the Madonna" will be repeated with the cast of the opening night. Saturday afternoon "Faust" is the opera with Lattie in the tenor

MARGHERITA D'ALVERA
CONTRALTO, OPERA

role in place of Muriel Moore, but in other respects unchanged.

It is a pleasure to record that Miss Evelyn Parnell will appear with the Boston Opera Company after an absence of three years. She will sing

the role of "Lakme" as featured.

MUSICAL EVENTS OF THE WEEK

OPERATIC

Boston Opera House, Tonight at 8—Operatic concert, Amador, Bazzani, Moore, Muriel Moore, and full orchestra in popular program.

Monday Night—"Tristan und Isolde." Ferrar, Fontana, Muriel Moore, Amador, Bazzani.

Wednesday Night—"Jewels of the Madonna." Edvina, Ferrar, Fontana, Amador, Bazzani.

Friday Night—American premiere of "Monna Vanna" Garden, Muriel Moore, Amador, Bazzani.

Saturday Matinee—"Faust." Edvina, Lindquist, Lattie, Amador.

CONC RTS

This afternoon symphony hall—Cassini in recital. Tuesday Evening, Metropolitan Hall, Richard Quick.

Friday Afternoon, Symphony Hall, Boston Symphony Orchestra. Saturday Evening, Symphony Hall, Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Next Sunday Afternoon, Symphony Hall, Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Margherita D'Alvera to Make Concert Bow

Margherita D'Alvera, the Italian contralto, will make her Boston concert bow on Monday night at the Metropolitan Hall. She will sing "Tristan und Isolde" with the Boston Opera Company. D'Alvera is a native of Italy and has been singing in the Italian opera houses for many years. She is a member of the Italian Opera Company and has been singing in the Italian opera houses for many years. She is a member of the Italian Opera Company and has been singing in the Italian opera houses for many years.

Opera Stars for Concert

Announcement is made by the Metropolitan Opera Company that the Boston Opera Company will be headed by the Italian contralto, Margherita D'Alvera, who will sing "Tristan und Isolde" with the Boston Opera Company. D'Alvera is a native of Italy and has been singing in the Italian opera houses for many years. She is a member of the Italian Opera Company and has been singing in the Italian opera houses for many years.

"The Thousandth Woman" in HARPER'S BAZAR

EVERY man may think he knows the "one woman in a thousand," but E. W. Hornung, the famous creator of "Raffles," has his own conception of her. He portrays her in the current installment of that most fascinating of mystery stories, "The Thousandth Woman," in the current number of Harper's Bazar.

Casale, an Englishman going home after many years spent in Australia, returns to his ship at Genoa, having been left behind at Naples. He tells his cabin mate, Hilton Tope, an American, of a dream in which he has seen an old enemy, Henry Craven, lying dead in his library at Kingston, a suburb of London. When they arrive at Southampton they discover that Craven has been murdered and all England is excited over the search for the murderer, to whom there is no clue. Only the old gardener at Craven's home has seen the bearded man, who escaped bareheaded, though no hat or coat was found. The butler had answered a telephone call from a stranger. Tope suspects Scruton, a business associate of Craven's who has just finished a fourteen years' term in jail for a crime rarely inspired by Craven. Casale detects Scruton because the older man had been kind to him.

Casale's first thought is to renew acquaintance with Blanche Macnair, his childhood friend, who had loved him in his early days, and who is to prove herself "The Thousandth Woman." He runs out in a taxi and finds her in a new little home. She, too, is depressed by the murder of the old neighbor. He tells her that Tope has spoken of knowing her. Blanche's old nurse, Marjorie, welcomes Casale and rejoices that he has returned the "beard" that she had disliked in a photograph sent to Blanche.

Hornung thus describes Blanche and her first real step into the great mystery.

(Reprinted from the December number of HARPER'S BAZAR, by permission of HARPER'S BAZAR.)

BLANCHE really was a girl still; for in these days it is an elastic term, and to her there was no apparent reason



One of A. B. Wenzell's Charming Illustrations for E. W. Hornung's Great Mystery Story in HARPER'S BAZAR.

the lock there had been something to do, and Blanche had done it deftly and silently, with almost equal capacity and grace. It had given her a charming flush and bare hand on her yellow hair, as new looked even brighter than in the past; but, what with the sun's

But then every bit of the boy had gone out of Casale. No that hour after hour from the past was up forever.

"Why do the police think the other thing?" he retorted. "What have they got to go on? That's what I want to know. I agree with Tope in one thing. Blanche looked up quickly. "I couldn't think about him and his previous evidence. Do you realize that it is dark now after seven? It was pretty thick saying his name was here, with neither hat nor coat left behind to prove it. Yet now it seems he's put a beard to him, and next we shall have the color of his eyes."

Blanche laughed at his vigor of phrase; this was more like the old Casale, the one who had been overbearing "Sweep." Something had made him jump to the conclusion that Scruton could not possibly have killed Mr. Craven, whatever else he might have done in days gone by. How it simply was impossible, and anybody who took the other side, or had a word to say for the police, as a force not unknown to him before. He looked at her, and he saw no further with Casale.

He had been with him in the old days, but he could not see the old man in his eyes as he felt under the smooth brown skin of his forehead. And she neither asked nor looked at his face until he spoke to her.

"I don't think you'll be the blade down still," he said detachedly. "What's happened to Mr. Craven?"

"As you know, Mr. Casale," he replied, "he was murdered."

"Then there's nobody there?" "I don't look as if there was, does it?" said poor Blanche.

"I've read all about the case somewhere. Would you ever much mind, Blanche? I should rather like to know even if it was just something for me."

But even that effective hint proved fruitless in bringing any lightning back into his voice; for it was not in the least affected by his said it, and he no longer looked like a child. But this all seemed natural to Blanche in all the manifold and overlapping circumstances of the case.

But for the fact that these win-

dows were wide open, the whole place seemed as deserted as a little. But, just past the window, suddenly with them, was the trader's men's door; and the two trespassers were barely aware of it when this door opened and disappeared a man.

The man was at first a most inconspicuous figure for the back premises of any house, especially in the country. He was tall and portly, very considerably built, and rather handsome in his way; his top hat shone like his patent leather boots, and his gray cutaway suit hung well in front and was duly creased as to the trousers, yet not for one moment was his presence in the picture, in the sense in which Hilton Tope had stepped into the Little Old House.

"May I ask, what you're doing here?" he demanded bluntly of the male intruder.

"No harm, I hope," replied Casale, smiling much to his companion's relief. "He had done him an injustice, however, in dressing an attention when they were so obviously in the wrong and as greatly admired the look he took as he went."

"I am, or rather I was," laughed Casale, still on his mouth.

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still looking him up and down.

"Well, Mr. Casale, my name's Drinkwater, and I'm from Scotland Yard. I happen to be in charge of the case."

"I guessed as much," said Casale, and this surprised Blanche more than anything else from either of any previous part of that very afternoon. And this also was easy to see, for Drinkwater was a man who had been in the police for many years, and he had a reputation for being a very good one.

"I'm not a detective, but I'm a man who has been in the police for many years, and I have a reputation for being a very good one."

"We've Got the Man." "I'm not a detective, but I'm a man who has been in the police for many years, and I have a reputation for being a very good one."

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THEATRES



NICHOLAS YOUNG.
IN "THE GIRL IN THE RED VELVET" AT THE MAJESTIC.



ADRIENNE MORRISON
IN "THE GIRL IN THE RED VELVET" AT THE MAJESTIC.

GRACE GEORGE IN
"MISS JENNY O'JONES"
AT THE MAJESTIC.



RITA JOLIVET IN
"A THOUSAND YEARS AGO" AT THE SHUBERT.



ADELE ARCHER IN "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE" AT THE GAIETY.



WINNIE BALDWIN
IN "THE GIRL IN THE RED VELVET" AT THE GAIETY.



HARRY RYAN IN "STOP THIEF" AT THE PARK.

BOX-CAR SCHOOL OF ACTING

By RICHARD BENNETT.

It took two years of grueling effort and many heartaches to produce "Damaged Goods" in America. The bitter adverse criticism showered upon me by my friends amounted at times almost to personal abuse. Four complete casts of players were rehearsed, and on three occasions, just when the first performance was about to be given, the players would renege. For the role of The Girl in the last act six actresses were rehearsed, and Breu's powerful sociological study would be unknown to the American stage today had not Adrienne Morrison consented to play the part which the other six had refused. Then there was the difficulty of finding a theatre. Three producers who controlled theatres in which risqué musical comedies were welcome refused to allow Breu's sincere pronouncement to be given "for fear it would injure the reputations of their playhouses."

And throughout life it is the fortuitousness of the aftermath, or the calamitousness of it which makes for comedy or tragedy. I can recall with a smile, now, the thought of my debut as an actor and a producer. The play was "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; the leading actors (who doubled in all important roles) were Tod Sloat (afterward the famous jockey), and Richard Bennett. Tod played Uncle Tom and Sloat, so that both of us would not have to blacken our faces, and I played Simon Legree and Little Eva. The theatre was a box-car filled with bales of hay, and the audience consisted of my slave and the half a dozen of my friends who could collect 20 nine alices. The stage was made of bales of hay, set end upward. The orchestra chairs were bales laid horizontally. When the time came for Lisa to cross the river on floating ice the stage bales were shifted so as to leave gaps between them. With the "terrific bloodhound" (Glyn, our fox terrier, who had to be led by a shooting) Tod, or I should say Lisa, mounted to the first piece of ice. As he made her first wild jump out on the ragged torrent there was a sound of rending cloth, followed by a piercing shriek—from the audience. "You Tod Sloat, you've got on my new pore-cake skirt! And now you've gone and torn it! Mother, mother! Look what Dick and Tod have done!" There was a wild outbreak of soba and a frantic dash for Lisa, who in his excitement had missed his—her—footing on the ice and slipped on the bales of hay. I gave Tod a yank while sister gave a mighty tug at Lisa's skirt. And the skirt parted company and the two thespians, without waiting to count up the box office receipts or to remove the make-up from their faces or their persons, dived precipitously through the door of the box-car.

It was a strenuous first lesson in the art of acting, and there are tinging recollections of the first scene, which was enacted that evening after supper behind the old woodshed in Loganport, Indiana.

ACTOR folk from foreign lands have found the American stage a fruitful field for labor. At one time the market was so over-run with English players that the home talent began to look of it in the clubs and worry about the future. An American actors' club was organized for the uplift of its own members, but it didn't prosper—at least, not along the line of self-promotion for players out of jobs. But during all this invasion of the American stage only a few of the more daring artists among those who spoke foreign tongues ventured upon a conquest for the easy money with which our stage is popularly supposed to be glutted. Most of the invasion has been from England.

While the English and European stage has given us many players, most of whom have exchanged only an ordinary amount of ability for which they have been paid, it is pleasant to record that the ranks of the invaders has included at least one bright gem—a woman who has given in art as much as she has taken in gold—or its equivalent. Your first guess is right—her name is Nazimova. Here was a woman whose first labor in the new field was hazardous and doubtful. She faced hardships that would have turned a less determined and confident person away from the task of conquering an American audience.

It was nine years ago that Madame Nazimova landed in New York at the head of a band of Russian players who could speak only their own language. The road was rough from the start—so rough that the sympathy of Charles Frohman was aroused and he gave these ambitious Russians the free use of his theatres for special matinees. That was the beginning of Nazimova's American career. She attracted attention, it is only on account of her striking beauty, but because she proved herself an artist of high order. In another year most of the Russian players were back in their own country, where the going was easier. But Nazimova had come to stay and she spent the next year in a desperate struggle with the English language. If English was as difficult to her as Russian looks to the average American she must have found her task exceedingly irksome. But she stuck to the job.

Almost from the start Nazimova found friendly hands to applaud her. She gave most of her time to tragedy—the gruesome tragedy of bereavement and other forlorn warriors. Her temperament and splendid emotional control appeared to draw her into the most serious themes and she was also more familiar with that branch of her art. But at heart she was, and still is, a comedienne, for she confessed it to me several years ago and expressed the hope that some day she might appear in a genuine American comedy. This is mentioned now as a

suggestion to some aspiring playwright who has an idea for a lively American play suited to a pretty woman with an especially attractive accent on the end of her tongue.

In "Bella Donna" at the Hollis you see Nazimova with even a stronger grip than ever upon the art she brought from Russia. It is not in a happy role that she passes before you, but the subtle skill of her acting makes it sympathetic in spite of its lustful, unmael tone. She proves herself an actress who knows her work intimately. All of which may be taken as ample proof that Nazimova has given as much, if not more, than she has received. The American drama could safely stand a few more Nazimovas if they could be found—but, of course, they couldn't.

AFTER two weeks of white slavery and crime, the Tremont Theatre will tomorrow pass into the drama of disease. "Damaged Goods," backed by the indorsement of physicians and social hygiene societies, will attempt to point out a few pitfalls that persons leading careless lives should avoid, and if you can believe the promoters the play will prove a great moral force. Of course, that isn't why it is presented, for the men who are behind "Damaged Goods" expect to gather a fair return for their investment. However, as it is supposed to point the way to clean living the playgoers should not worry if those interested in its welfare close their vision with a comfortable profit. You may take it from an old follower of the drama that plays are produced to make money and not to save young men from the terrible consequences of their mistakes. If in the process of earning royalties, for the author and a fair profit or the producer, it should be a point in favor of the play if it also "rings good advice upon its audiences. "Damaged Goods" was not originally produced in this country with any fixed idea of making money. It was sent on an extended tour only after it was discovered that a positive demand was to be made for it. Richard Bennett, who serves as the play's star, first gave "Damaged Goods" to a few select matinee audiences in New York. It was an actor's chance to display himself in a role that needed a whole lot of hard acting, and all actors

are hungry for just that little thing. The play became a sensation, however, and no one complained. No, indeed. A permanent company was formed and a road tour planned. The doctors and social uplifters boosted the play and after that everything was easy. If you ask your family physician he will probably tell you to see the play, not for your own good, perhaps, but because it shows one of his professions in noble character.

IT is an interesting fact that Percy Mackaye, whose "A Thousand Years Ago" comes to the Shubert Theatre tomorrow, drew his inspiration for the play from the same Persian source whence Shakespeare obtained the suggestion for the famous casket scene in "The Merchant of Venice." The Elizabethan bard came into possession of the idea through Italian sources. Carlo Gozzi, an Italian playwright, followed Shakespeare in employing the Persian folk tale and it was his romance that was translated and adapted into German by Schiller and produced, with Goethe's assistance, in 1802. Its title was "Turandot." Reinhardt, over a century later, revised the Schiller version and produced still a third "Turandot." Mr. Mackaye at first inclined to call his romance by the same title, but subsequently reconsidered, and the fourth version of the ancient Persian tale is known as "A Thousand Years Ago." The changes in name was made so that playgoers would not confuse Mr. Mackaye's production with others having the same basis in common.

VINCENT T. FETHERSTON has just entered upon his second twenty years as treasurer at the Hollis Street Theatre. He finished his first twenty years last week and received the usual congratulations in the shape of cheerful messages, American beauty roses and a box of cigars. His only regret is that all this good will and plauder comes but once in twenty years. In completing that long term of service at the Hollis Mr. Fetherston establishes an entirely new record of being constantly on the job, for not once during those twenty years was he absent from duty any day during the theatrical season, either from sickness or on pleasure—not even during the seasonal season. Which is some record, with superlatives added.

SOCIETY AND CLUBS

Boston Sunday American



CABLE NEWS

Fashion in Her Gayest Winter Plumage on Parade at First Week of Opera

ONCE more society is making the best of the opportunity afforded while worshipping at the font of music and is flaunting its gayest plumage to the wondering gaze of rivals and admirers.

While Boston society was once contrast with meliorate gawing, now the best is none too good, and they wear the most extreme and expensive creations with all the grace and composure of the most blasé of their New York sisters.

Of all the gay seasons of recent years this season is starting out most auspiciously, and opera dancers and even opera dancers are coming to be quite the thing.

Among the many notable gowns seen the past week at the opera was that worn by Mrs. Frederick B. Converse, a prettily draped affair of cloth of silver with tunic of old rose chiffon. It was quite the most effective of the many wonderful creations, and as Mrs. Converse made her way about among her friends during intermission many admiring glances followed her and there were numerous questions as to her identity.

Mrs. Lara Anderson, who entertained a lively box party, including Mrs. Elsie French Vanderbilt and Mr. and Mrs. Percy D. Haughton, wore a stunning and most becoming creation of brocaded mauve satin and ornaments of diamonds and pearls.

Mrs. Vanderbilt was especially notable in a gown of dark gray chiffon with a wired tunic of black chiffon and a large cigarette in her hair. Mrs. Haughton, who has been seen but seldom at the opera since her marriage, was stunning in rose satin with short wired tunic edged with sable.

Mrs. Eben D. Jordan, who has been seen but little in society since her recent return from Europe, was in a handsomely modelled gown of green brocaded satin with tunic of green chiffon heavily embroidered in silver. Mrs. Jordan was among the few who carried fans, and hers was certainly a work of art. It was exceedingly large and made of shaded green feathers. Around her dark hair she wore a circlet of diamonds.

Miss Dorothy Jordan, who is as pretty and charmingly winsome as ever, was dainty in a clinging gown of white satin combined with lavender chiffon. Miss Jordan, like her mother, carried an immense fan, but hers was of lavender, matching that of her gown.

In the Jordan box was that most stately of Boston society matrons, Mrs. James Jackson, who was as regally lovely as ever in a gown of gray satin with tunic of white chiffon heavily embroidered in silver and edged with fur.

Mrs. Gordon Abbott, whose gowns are always quite wonderful, had as guests in her box Mrs. Francis B. Crowninshield and Mr. and Mrs. George C. Lee. Mrs. Abbott wore a stunning gown of white orange de chise handsomely draped and trimmed with touches of black. Mrs. Crowninshield was perhaps the most conspicuous gowned of all the women noted in the foyer, for she wore a marvelous creation of orange velvet, which opened over a petticoat of silver lace, while her wired tunic was

of orange velvet and black headed pin, laced with fur. Her ornaments were pearls and diamonds. Mrs. Lee was in pink brocaded satin and diamonds.

Mrs. Wirt Dexter was, as usual, a notable figure and she, with her very feminine and exceptionally pretty offspring daughter, Mrs. Stanley McCormick, were conspicuous among the entertainers in the first tier of boxes. Mrs. Dexter wore a most becoming gown of gray satin brocaded with silver and a silver tunic edged with fur. A pink rose on the carriage gave just the proper bit of color.

Mrs. McCormick, who has just come up to her Osmundsworths are now home from her Newport villa, was in black satin with short wired tunic of white lace and silver edged with fur. In her hair she wore a wide diamond pin.

Mrs. R. Reed Anthony was another notable hostess. She wore a stunning gown of green satin brocaded with silver and a green cigarette in her hair. Her pretty daughter, Ruth, was charming in rose satin trimmed with silver and a knot of black velvet on the crown.

Mrs. H. P. Cherry wore a handsome gown of dark ruby velvet with lace trimmed bodice, and had with her her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Kaufman. Mrs. Kaufman was in a handsome gown of black lace over white satin.

Mrs. Bayard Thayer, who holds first rank among the society matrons of Boston, was as usual most charmingly gowned, her creation being one of rich mulberry velvet trimmed with touches of spruce blue and white, combined with spruce blue and white.

Continued on Page 2, Column 2.

Two Debutante Pictures of Miss Dorothy Whipple



MISS DOROTHY WHIPPLE
PHOTO BY SADIHE
PROVIDENCE R. I.

Joy Among Children of the Poor as Miss Whipple Takes Her Place in Society

Following Miss Dorothy W.

Miss Dorothy Whipple, who came to the opera last night, was seen in the box with Mrs. James Jackson, who was as regally lovely as ever in a gown of gray satin with tunic of white chiffon heavily embroidered in silver and edged with fur.

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Continued on Page 2, Column 2.

MISS RUTH CHENEY
PICTURE OF HER MOTHER

MISS EDITH PERKINS
DINES AT ALGONQUIN

MISS JANE MORGAN
COMING TO TOWN

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Society Women in Exotic Oriental Costumes at Copley Hall Show

SOCIETY women in exotic Oriental costumes, including a group of Vint Club girls, will perform Abou Hassan of "The Bazaar of the Harem" at Copley Hall, Cleveland street, on the afternoon of December 19 and the afternoon and evening of the 20th.

The play is from the "Arabian Nights" and has been dramatized by Miss Caroline Tucker of No. 15 Harris avenue, Jamaica Plain. Rehearsals are now being held at Copley Hall under the direction of Miss Marie Lewiston, Mrs. James Lee of Old place, in charge of costumes; Mrs. Alfred W. Carr, nurse; Miss Lilla Vines, dancing, and Livingston Platt, scenery.

The performance is given by the Saturday Morning Club and is to include from twenty-five to thirty players. In the rendition of the music old tom-toms and other Oriental instruments will be used.

Abou Hassan is a gay good fellow, a lover who first appears in the Tavern with his friends. His wealth enables him to live in luxury, and with it goes the companions who have recently flattered him with their attentions. Then he meets the beautiful slave girl, the heroine of the play, Anasid, who is in love with Abou.

A stranger penetrates the home of Abou, who invites him in and treats him most hospitably. The stranger turns out to be the Caliph (or monarch), who, desiring of repaying Abou's kindness, begs the latter that he express a wish. Finally Abou admits that he would like to be the Caliph for twenty-four hours in order to square his bill with the false friends who cast him off when he lost his wealth. The King gives Abou a sleeping draught which for twenty-four hours transforms Abou, and he is the Caliph at the palace. Then he is transported home. The play ends in the Caliph palace where Abou marries his slave girl who turns out to be the favorite lady of the Queen and the beauty of the King's palace.

After they are married each realizes that they are again poor. As a jest each pretends to be dead and the other with this pretense goes, Abou to the King and Anasid to the Queen, to get money for burial rites. The King and Queen compare notes and begin to quarrel over the time and manner of the death of their favorite. "The King finally exclaims: 'I would give 10,000 pieces of gold to know which one died first.' Upon hearing this Abou comes to life, explains and in the ending of the jest dies the piece.

The play is in four acts and will include a number of Oriental dances performed by a group of Vint Club girls now hard at work performing their parts under Miss Wynne's tutelage.

The following are the principals in the cast: Mrs. Tennant Lee, Caliph; Miss George Derby, Abou Hassan; Miss Grace Nichols, Queen; Miss Vint, Miss Eleanor Allen, Chief of the Eunuchs; Mrs. Charles H. Fiske Jr., Princess Zobeide; Mrs. Edward Tudor, Anasid, the slave girl; Miss Mary Porter, mother of Abou Hassan; Miss Sarah Whitmore, nurse to the Princess.

Miss Marguerite Little Makes Her Bow by Seaside

A LARGE number of the smart set went down to Salem yesterday for the coming out reception which, David Mason Little gave in honor of his daughter, Miss Marguerite Little, who is one of the most attractive of the young set and who has a quantity of entertainments planned in her honor for the rest of the season.

Miss Little is closely allied, also being a granddaughter of Mrs. David P. Kimball of Commonwealth avenue, who is giving a dinner dance in her honor on Wednesday evening next at the Hotel Somerset.

Miss Little's story is Mrs. Talbot Aldrich's "Fairchild street," and Mrs. Henri de Launay, the latter of Minneapolis, for both of whom Mrs. Kimball entertained when they were their own girls and when Mrs. Kimball was Miss Little's friend.

Miss Little had a most attractive lot of debutantes among her, yesterday afternoon, among them being Miss Eleanor Hancock, Miss Rebecca Pickering, Miss Anna Brewster, who was married to Mr. Pickering, Miss Christine Converse, a daughter of Mr. "Hobbs" Shaw of Newton Centre, Miss Rosewood Cummings of this city, Miss Harriet W. Fox, Miss Rosewood Benson, Miss Mary H. Harris, Miss Amy Johnson, Miss Natalie Clifford Benson, Miss Alice Adams, Miss Eleanor Cole and others.

Mrs. Else Vanderbilt In Plainest of Gowns

MRS. AND MISS LARZ ANDERSON, who last Sunday spent some time as the hosts of Mrs. Eliza B. Vanderbilt, at Beacon View, Newport, have had her visiting them this past week, and although no formal entertainments have been given in her honor, Mrs. Vanderbilt has been fairly deluged with invitations from scores of friends here.

She wore a stunning gown the other evening at a supper party given practically for her, when I was surprised to notice that she wore but few diamonds. The gown, although a beautiful one, with finest chinchilla lace, was really a very plain affair, but of such rich and costly material that it required little else to make it effective. The décolleté bodice had hardly any trimming with the exception of the diamond ornaments on it, and the skirt of the gown was plainness itself. I noticed on the corsage of the gown that there were tiny threads of bright green silk woven through the material, which bit of coloring was tremendously effective. Her wrap represented a small fortune in Russian sable and chinchilla fur.

At the Opera With Her Handsome Husband

ONE of the very handsomest of Boston's young society matrons is surely Mrs. Robert Jordan. I met her the other day, evidently out for an afternoon stroll, and looking wonderfully well in her smart suit and fur. Then later I saw her at the opera and watched her as she sat in the orchestra with her handsome young husband and as she later received and chatted with the guests and the other members of the Jordan box. Mrs. Jordan is rather tall and slender, with an exquisitely graceful carriage and easy manner. She is of chateau coloring with beautifully molded features. She wears her hair parted in the middle and caught in a loose knot low on the neck. Monday evening she wore a gown of black velvet, made after the simplest lines, but showing her fine figure to perfection. The velvet of the skirt extended up over her shoulder, while the covering of the other shoulder was of white lace and chiffon, giving the dress a most favored contrast of effect. The shoulder strap of the white side was of small flowers and the only touch of color was afforded by the cluster of pearls worn on the corsage.

IT IS SELDOM ONE CAN WEAR BOTH OF PURPLE AND BLUE

IT is seldom that one can wear the two shades of purple and blue with good taste, but Mrs. Francis L. Higginson, Jr., who was formerly Miss Henrietta Harcourt, and a daughter of Mr. Lewis M. Harcourt, recently has most successfully exploded that theory. Her gown the other day, which I saw her wearing, was an illustration of this fact, as with a black broadcloth creation, which fitted to perfection, she wore a small English walking hat trimmed in two shades of purple, the feathers combined with a pale shade of blue, the latter shading into the palest shade of blue, by the way.

Society at the Opera

Continued from First Page.

While her jewels were diamonds, in the adjoining box was Mrs. Hryz J. Allen in a stunning creation of black velvet, the décolleté outlined with diamonds and a large diamond pin on the corsage. With her were her sisters, Mrs. Eliza Norman and Mrs. E. Freda Mulry.

Mrs. Norman was in black cloth, and Mrs. Mulry in black satin with a touch of white chiffon edged with gold.

Mrs. Horatio N. Butler, who has just come in from her country estate at Roslindale in her new home in Beacon street, was handsomely, as usual, in a modest gown of white satin with wrap of rose and gold brocade. With her was her charming daughter, who, in a gown of violet satin, which brought out so wonderfully her pretty brunette coloring.

Mrs. John L. Gardner was in her usual place and was wearing in black velvet with a long row of emeralds. Mrs. Robert A. Bradley wore black satin and white lace and was with her daughter, Miss Rosewood Bradley, who was in blue satin and black velvet.

Mrs. Mary May was another interesting young Vint Club member present and was wearing in pale pink satin. The King gives Abou a sleeping draught which for twenty-four hours transforms Abou, and he is the Caliph at the palace. Then he is transported home. The play ends in the Caliph palace where Abou marries his slave girl who turns out to be the favorite lady of the Queen and the beauty of the King's palace.

A welcome figure was Mrs. Curtis Allen, who has just come in from her country estate at Roslindale in her new home in Beacon street, was handsomely, as usual, in a modest gown of white satin with wrap of rose and gold brocade. With her was her charming daughter, who, in a gown of violet satin, which brought out so wonderfully her pretty brunette coloring.

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Mrs. "Jack" Omnipresent

IT seemed to me I never saw a more interesting assemblage at Mrs. Gardner's little party at Friday Court than on Tuesday when the place was filled with one of the most fashionable gatherings I have noticed this season.

Mrs. Roydon Beal looked remarkably smart. She was wearing a smart suit and a small hat, and had in her hand a large black picture hat. Her hair was pinned up in a high shade of black and she had a high shade of black veil.

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Sally Currier to Make Her Bow A FAIR BEAUTY TO ENTER BOSTON GARDEN OF BUDS

To celebrate the opening of the opera season, Henry Russell gave a supper party at the Hotel Lenox last Monday night. It was a very extensive and very gay affair. Some of the stars of the company, the directors of the Opera House and their wives, such charming visitors to the city as Mrs. Eliza B. Vanderbilt, who was the guest of the Larz Andersons, were alone invited and stayed out late into the night.

The pain room of the hotel had been turned into a private banquet hall, all doors and windows had been cut curtains, which prevented any spectators starting the celebration.

The party did not break up until 3 in the morning and was delightfully informal. The opera stars present took turns at the piano, singing and playing their own accompaniments.

Mrs. Russell assisted in receiving. She wore a gown of white silk with lace and some sparkling ornaments. Her hair was pinned up in a high shade of black and she had a high shade of black veil.

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Debutantes Improve Each Shining Hour—Even Far Into the Morn

DESPITE the fact that the past week was holiday week, the ladies continued to make their bows to the social world which they are so desirous of entering, and their affairs began about as early as ever. Some, in fact, extended far into the morning hours.

Among the many who were introduced was Miss Eliza B. Vanderbilt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John L. Vanderbilt, who were entertained on Monday evening at a dinner dance by Mrs. and Mrs. Arthur W. Hart (Augusta Bartchelder) gave their home, "Rockwood," in Brookline. Miss Vanderbilt was presented earlier in the month at a tea given for her by her parents at the Copley-Place, and has been having a perfect round of festivities given her ever since.

On Tuesday there were two big affairs of importance, one the Dais, which Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Fiske of Commonwealth avenue gave for their daughter, Miss Cornelia Fiske at the Tufton, and Mr. and Mrs. William Whipple's tea at the Copley-Place to introduce their daughter, Miss Dorothy Whipple.

At the affair in honor of Miss Fiske her sister who was present were Miss Priscilla Perry, Miss Susan Platts, Miss Dorothea Jordan, Miss Beth Cheney, Miss Arthur Weston, Miss Louie Richardson, Miss Beatrice Downes, Miss Harriet Dexter, Miss Elizabeth DeFord, Miss Alice Thordike, Miss Hope Hancock, Miss Eleanor Hancock, Miss Marie Agans, Miss Nathalie Thayer, Miss Josephine Ratnoff, Miss Martha Thordike, Miss Anna Shellen and Miss Cornelia Dorothea.

On Wednesday Miss Ruth Richardson was presented by her mother, Mrs. P. B. Richardson, at their home in Lexington, and at Salem Mrs. Henry P. Benson presented her daughter, Miss Rosewood Benson.

On Friday night, Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Dexter presented their daughter, Miss Harriet Dexter, when the dinner given to preface the affair were Mrs. Charles E. Trevelyan at the Algonquin Club for her granddaughter, Miss Edith Perkins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Forbes Perkins. The same afternoon Mr. George A. Dill introduced her party were Mrs. Dorothy Dill, at their home in Brookline, where a dance was given in the evening.

IN HER HAIR A BLUE AGRETTE AND CRYSTAL ORNAMENTS

MRS. STANLEY P. CLEMENTS of the Hotel Westmaster was looking very smart the other evening at a dance, when she wore a gown of the palest shade of turquoise satin, combined with crystal trimming and blue silk embroidery. The neck of the gown, which was décolleté, was finished with a garland of the crystal trimming, and in her hair she wore a blue agrette with crystal ornaments. The draped skirt, which was in walking length, was caught with bows and knots of the pale blue silk.

HER HAIR AN ENGLISH WALKING AFFAIR WITH HIGH CROWN AND OSTRICH FEATHERS

CAUGHT a glimpse of Mrs. Daniel P. Snow the other afternoon going into Trinity Church, when she wore a gown of dark blue broadcloth, with trimmings of black soutache braid. It trimmed the three-quarter length coat effectively in numerous rows and also edged the narrow revers. Her hat was a high crowned English walking shape, with trimmings of pale blue ostrich feathers at the left side and her furs were sealine, a stole and large muff.

ALL IN BLACK—HER BROADCLOTH SUIT TRIMMED WITH SEALSKIN

MRS. LINZER TILDEN was looking especially smart the other afternoon walking on Boylston street, when she wore a gown all in black. Her costume was of broadcloth, with trimmings of sealine fur, and she had on a very stylish stole of the same fur, as well as carrying a muff of the same. Her hat was a small one in toque shape, which was remarkably becoming.

HER HAIR WAS SIMPLY STUNNING AND WAS ALL OF DARK PURPLE

MRS. DOROTHY FORBES looked remarkably well the other day at the rummage sale at Copley Hall when she wore the saffron-colored dress with a stylish corsage of dark blue broadcloth, with trimmings of sealine fur, and the collar of the dress was edged with the narrow revers of the modish coat of her gown. Her hat was simply stunning in a purple velvet with a huge bow and large loops of the same shade of velvet. With this she wore a white lingerie suit trimmed in Irish lace insertion.

HER DARK OLIVE GREEN BROADCLOTH ORNAMENTED WITH TAUPÉ PLUSH

Mrs. Harriet Wendell, Jr., the other morning walking on Boylston street, when she was wearing in a dark olive green broadcloth, with trimmings of a taupe plush used in narrow bands on the sleeves as well as finishing the cuffs of the jacket. Each sleeve was trimmed also in small jeweled buttons, and the rolling collar had the same effect in the taupe coloring and the buttons.

Her furs were a set of sealine, which comprised a long wide stole thrown over her shoulders and falling nearly to the hem of her gown, together with a huge muff of the same fur. With this costume she wore a large black velvet picture hat literally covered with black satin plaques.

MISS McALLISTER IN PALE PINK; HER YOUTHFUL MOTHER IN GREEN CHARMUSE

Mrs. Harriet Wendell, Jr., the other morning walking on Boylston street, when she was wearing in a dark olive green broadcloth, with trimmings of a taupe plush used in narrow bands on the sleeves as well as finishing the cuffs of the jacket. Each sleeve was trimmed also in small jeweled buttons, and the rolling collar had the same effect in the taupe coloring and the buttons.

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"Eleo" to Visit Vanderbilts

MRS. ELEANORA SEARS in an exceptionally short black skirt, with some sparkling ornaments. Her hair was pinned up in a high shade of black and she had a high shade of black veil.

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Dr. Koesters Federation
to Preach of Essex Co

Next Wednesday evening a "Mission Night" in honor of the feast of St. Francis Xavier will be held at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross.

The service was held at the offices of the Society and the propagation of the Faith, of which the Rev. Dr. McGlinchey is chief executive for the archdiocese.

Cardinal O'Connell will be present in the cathedral. The sermon will be preached by Rev. Joseph Koesters, D. D., who has just arrived from Rome, where he spent many years as a missionary.

Rev. Dr. Koesters is a member of the executive body of the Holy See. The annual election of officers will be held.

The meeting will be called to order by the country president, James J. Leary, of Lynn. The opening prayer will be made by the county chaplain, Rt. Rev. Teeling of St. Mary's Church. Those who will also make the principal address will be the Rev. Dr. McGlinchey and other leading members of the branch will be present and speak.

The twenty-third anniversary of the American Seminary for foreign missions in Teahach, Ind.

The vesper service will begin at 7. The doors will open at 7 o'clock. No tickets will be required.

Well Known Author to Talk on "Prometheus"

James J. Walsh, LL. D., of New York, will give the second of his course of lectures for the John Byrne O'Reilly

and hall of St. John's Court, Hyde Park, will have Thanksgiving ere in W. O. Opera House, with guests from the premiere body present. The officers of the dance were Thomas H. Cummings, marshal; Thomas J. Whelan, assistants; marshal; Francis M. Carroll, rose; director; John A. Noonan, assistant; James Curley was chief of the following

Reading Circle, in the month of
Boston College, Wednesday evening,
1910. His subject will be "Promen-
tation."
The other lectures of the course will
be "Hamlet," December 17; "The West-
minster Confession," January 14;
1914; "Faust," January 18.

Somerville Daughters
Are One Year Old

Court Uxala, Daughters of Isabella

of Somerville, will celebrate its first anniversary December 15.

La Rabida Court of North Cambridge holds whistles every Thursday afternoon at 2:30 in the K. of C. Hall. The members of the court have decided to assist at the bazaar at North Cambridge Court during the coming week.

ception committee was made up of the A. Riley, chairman; David W. ray, Andrew J. Stack, Martin A. Daniel Parquette, James D. Michael, J. Carroll, John H. C. James, Ryan, Thomas Mulcahy, T. J. Murray, P. Frank Dolan and J. O'Brien.

College

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PAUL REVERE (Dart and Blue)
WELLESLEY (Blue and White)
RED SOX (Red and White)
COLUMBIA (Light Blue and White)
ARMY (Black, Yellow and Gray)
NAVY (Dark Blue and Yellow)

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